# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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THE PROTEST OF THE BIRDS.—Drawn by Harrison Weir.—[See next Page.]

## THE PROTEST OF THE BIRDS.

[It has been announced in England that the barbarous and wholesale destruction of small birds by "poisoned wheat," "sparrow clubs," etc., is likely to produce the most fearful results to the growing crops. In France large crops have been ravaged by the insects which have been left free to continue their depredations in consequence of the farmers having foolishly killed and frightened away the birds. This folly is not practiced in this country, and the accompanying poem and picture will be pleasantly received by our rural readers not as a reproach but as a warning from the feathered tribes.]

The various birds (to man's disgrace,
An unappreciated race),
Too long had suffered many a wrong
With quiet, uncomplaining tongue;
The snare, the trap, the net, the gun,
Their cruel, ruthless work had done,
Avenged but by fresh aims to please,
Sweet songs, and added services.

But times were stern, foes multiplied,
Death threatened them on every side,
And 'twas agreed, by acclamation,
To hold a solemn convocation,
Where each his troubles might relate,
And o'er their common wrongs debate.

They met—a chattering varied crowd,
With many an utterance shrill and loud.
The thrush was there, with speckled breast;
The green-finch, with her sober vest;
The bull-finch bold, of wicked eye;
The wagtail with his head awry;
The rapid swallow, the strange swift;
The magpie, with his miser thrift;
The starling, raven, and a host
Whose names our friend has somehow lost.

One told what horrid things unheard
Were used to poison the poor bird;
How strychnine was by ladies (!) spread,
Remorseless, on the garden bed;
Another, how he'd seen with pain
The fields bestrewed with poisoned grain.

"Friends," said the Blackbird, grave and stern,
"We must endure till men will learn.
'Tis strange the ample mind of man
So little grasps of nature's plan;
So ignorant—his best excuse,
Both of our mission and our use.

"We are the farmer's friends, I say,
That do his work for scantiest pay;
'Tis we the insect hordes devour,
That else would spare nor leaf nor flower;
'Tis we that kill, from earliest dawn,
The grubs that undermine the lawn;
'Tis we, 'tis we consume the seeds
Of the rank, rampant hedgerow weeds.
Ah, were he wise, our eggs no more
Would hang behind the cottage door;
No more our nests on hedge and tree
By every churl would rifled be;
Of all his 'hands,' 'twould be confest
We are the cheapest and the best;
And ruddier orchards, heavier crops
Would crown his labors and his hopes!"

He ceased: the assembly bowed assent,
And 'twas agreed, before they went,
So good a speech should not be lost,
But put in print at any cost.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 11, 1867.


## THE GEORGIA PETITION.

THE argument in the Supreme Court upon the Georgia petition was very skillful upon both sides. The plea of the Attorney-General was masterly. It was clear, concise, and conclusive, and its simple reasoning is comprehensible by every body. The reply of Mr. O'Conor was adroit and able; but it did not deny the conclusion of the Attorney-General that the power claimed for the Court is virtually the absolutely supreme power of the Government. Indeed Mr. O'Conor, although asserting the old dogma of the three co-ordinate branches of the Government, substantially denies it by claiming power for the Supreme Court to denounce in advance of its operation a law of Congress and to order the President not to obey it. That he calls it an "act" of Congress instead of a law is of no importance unless he holds that no act of Congress is to be considered a law until the Court certifies its constitutionality.

Mr. Stansbery's position is, that the Georgia petition claims for the Supreme Court a veto superior to that of the President; a power to stay every law of Congress before it proceeds to execution, and before any case has arisen under it; a power which may be invoked whenever nominal parties can be found to annul laws which the people consider wholesome and necessary, and which they instruct their representatives to pass. Moreover, it claims that the Supreme Court shall settle the most vital of all our political questions of the present time, whether the late rebel States are still States in an entirely undisturbed relation to the Union.

Mr. O'Conor replied that the Attorney-General's argument conceded that Georgia is a State in the Union. But if it be such a State Congress has no more Constitutional power to regulate the suffrage in Georgia than in New York or "proud Massachusetts." Indeed, much of the argument of Mr. O'Conor was merely a repetition of the Democratic speeches in Congress against the Military Bill. Like them he discussed the question as if there had been no war. Like them he entirely omitted to state that Congress, which is constitutionally authorized to make war, can alone determine when war is at an end, and what measures the security of the country demand. Like them he omitted to state, that as the surrender left Georgia and other States without a civil Government, Congress is constitutionally authorized to guarantee such a government to all of them. Like them he does not state that Congress is the sole judge of the measures necessary to give effect to the Emancipation Amendment. His argument, like the Democratic speeches, leaves the actual situation out.

The doctrine of Mr. O'Conor's argument is fatal to the Constitution and to the country. It erects the Supreme Court into a political power. If the Judges may control the Legislature yet are appointed without popular election and for life, the people are defrauded of their sovereignty and the whole government is subverted. This point is conclusively treated in Sidney George Fisher's "Trial of the Constitution"—a remarkable work, published by Lippincott, in Philadelphia, in 1862, when the present questions were still prospective. Speaking of the very dogma advanced by Mr. O'Conor, Mr. Fisher says: "Such a doctrine must in the end destroy the Judiciary. The people will not bear a political power which is independent of their control. If the Judiciary exercises such power, it must become *representative*, which is the nature of all political power under free institutions." If the Supreme Court may decide whether Georgia is a State; if it may pronounce any law of Congress invalid, and forbid the President to execute the laws, then Jefferson was correct in saying that the Court would prove to be the chief source of danger to our liberties. If Mr. O'Conor's argument be sound the supreme power of this nation is lodged in a body of nine men who hold their office for life.

## THE STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican party in this State ought to understand that in calling a Constitutional Convention which it will wholly control it has assumed a peculiar responsibility. The battle at the polls next autumn will be fought upon the Constitution. This may be unfortunate; but just at this time it is inevitable. There has been, indeed, much deprecation of partisan considerations in the election of delegates; but party considerations are and ought to be very prominent in the question. It is of the highest importance that the delegates to a Constitutional Convention should not be selected merely as partisans, and without regard to character and fitness. But that is always equally important in every election. Honesty and ability being conceded, it is vitally necessary that the principles of the parties that divide the State should be proportionately represented.

This is not always necessary, because parties are often determined by questions of policy and not of principle. But that is not our situation. Parties in this State and country happen at this time to be determined by fundamental differences of principle. The Republican party holds, for instance, that justice demands the recognition of the political equality of the colored citizens; while the Democratic party, by its orators, journals, resolutions, and private conversation, opposes it. We do not say that every Democrat is averse to equal suffrage, for we know Democrats who are not. But the party, as a party, resists it. Now one of the most essential parts of every fundamental law is the qualification of the voters. The qualification in the present Constitution of New York is palpably unfair and impolitic. There is no more reason why an honest, industrious man should be excepted from the general rule because his complexion is dark, or because he is of African descent, than because his nose is aquiline, and he springs from a Welshman. Yet this anomaly and absurdity would not be expelled from the Constitution merely because the delegates were honest and able men. They must also reject the theory upon which the exclusion is founded. But the Democratic party does not reject it. Mr. Henry C. Murphy, for instance, is both an honest and an able man. But he is a Democrat. He holds with his party. Men like Mr. Murphy give principles to his party. Hence, if we had discarded party considerations, even a Convention of Senator Murphys, undoubtedly sincere and capable, would have retained this exceptional political status of the colored citizen. Those, therefore, who believe that the fundamental law, even were it in this particular only, should be changed could not wisely forget party considerations in the election, and are naturally gratified with the result.

But it must not be forgotten that, in other points as well as in that of the electoral qualification, the Constitution will be revised in the light of certain principles, and that the result will be approved and the party sustained only as those principles are acceptable to the people. The Constitution, whatever it may be, will be exposed during its consideration to the hostile ingenuity of those who wish it to be unacceptable, and who will encourage any tendency which seems to them for any reason to promise success to the Opposition. When submitted to the people the Constitution will be skillfully attacked upon some of the innumerable assailable points which such an instrument necessarily offers to adroit antagonists. Even if certain amendments are separately submitted to popular judgment, the fact that they are submitted instead of being rejected in the Convention will show the leaning of the Convention, and the responsibility must be borne accordingly.

The duty of the Convention, then, in view of the certain conflict, is to propose as simple a fundamental law as possible, founded upon the vital principles of a truly popular government. Let it bear in mind the kind of Constitution this State or any great State of free and intelligent citizens ought to have, and trust the consequences to the people. Liberty suffers less from the license of all than from the efforts of a few to regulate it. In all governments risks must be taken, and the remedy for what is anomalous and injurious in the operation of our system is not less freedom but more. If the wine works *let* it work, and it will work itself clear. If the structure of a popular government can not stand by itself, the beams and props of any kind of infidelity to it will not permanently sustain it—they will only gradually supersede it. If the Convention has first in view the ascendency of the party, it will probably lose that ascendency. But if it looks first at the true principles of popular government which the party cherishes, it will take the road to permanent party success.

## LUXEMBURG.

The Tory Ministry in England have done another very dextrous thing. They have advised the Queen to urge the King of Prussia to agree to a general Conference of the Great Powers at London to settle the Luxemburg question; and the King has assented. In this happy and timely stroke the Tory Ministry have restored the waning influence of Great Britain in European politics by successfully intervening to keep the peace and by assembling the Congress in London.

No other solution of the difficulty was possible. A more causeless, useless, and wicked war than that which seemed imminent is not conceivable. But the difficulty, so far as France and Prussia were concerned, was passing beyond the reasonable point. It was no longer a question of Luxemburg, it was a point of national honor. In France even Emile de Girardin, whom Louis Napoleon has sued for criticising the imperial policy, and whose paper has been seized, said, "Public meetings all over the country should make known to M. de Bismarck that if there is a German nation there is also a French nation: that if there is a German patriotism which is susceptible, there is a French patriotism which is sensitive; that, in a word, the German people excited, misled, and made to serve Prussian ambition will find itself opposed not only by the French army but by the French people, determined to defend their independence and to tear in pieces the treaties of 1815." "France does not desire war," said an official article in the *Constitutionnel*, "and will use all means consistent with her national honor to avoid it."

These things were said at a time when it is becoming unpleasantly evident to Frenchmen that, after all the fine talk about tearing the treaties of 1815 and remodeling the map of Europe, Italy has become free by the aid of Prussia, Germany is uniting under the vigorous leadership of the same power, while France not only had no part in the settlement but no advantage from it, not even the little slip of Rhenish territory which is the traditional desire of France. "Ah," sneers Thiers in the Assembly, "you have abandoned the old policy of keeping Germany and Italy divided, and what have you gained by the new? You have gained a compact Germany to which Italy owes its freedom, and which will not tolerate a single step in farther aggrandizement of France. The policy of the Empire has strengthened the natural enemies of France abroad, and deprived France of domestic liberty at home." The philosophy of the speech is false, because it assumes that nations are naturally hostile, but under the circumstances it must have prodigious influence in France. It was becoming a question to France whether Bismarck did not snub Louis Napoleon as well as outwit him; whether France had not twice in the year asked of him as a favor what, if she spoke at all, she should have demanded as a right; whether, in fact, France was not sinking into a subordinate position in Europe to the parvenu Hohenzollern monarchy, and therefore it was becoming distinctly a question of war or revolution. For France to withdraw in the face of the Prussian position was impossible, and war was inevitable unless Prussia would yield.

Yet war could not be welcome to Prussia, with the sores of last summer still angry, and Austria biding her time, and France aroused from end to end; while the treaty questions were by no means clear, and the feeling of the inhabitants might be favorable to France. The treaties of 1815 are void by the war of last year; therefore the right of the German garrison in Luxemburg was disputable. The inhabitants are Roman Catholics, while Prussia is Protestant, and they speak French or Walloon and not German. The question was of policy rather than of right by treaty or popular consent, and Prussia is doubtless glad of the chance offered by England of discussing the question in a general Congress.

That Congress will be the most important since the Congress of Vienna, for it meets to settle many of the questions which that Congress determined. But in that assembly the people were not heard. Even England was represented by Lord Castlereagh, a Tory of the Tories, and the map of Europe was modeled in the interest of rulers merely. The vast political change of the half century will appear in the different spirit of the London Congress—in which a French Emperor elected by a popular vote and a Prussian Minister who founds Germany upon general suffrage, assemble under the auspices of a British Tory Ministry which has just brought in a Reform bill.

## THE MOVEMENTS OF COTTON.

Of all our varied industries the cotton interest has suffered most from the late war, because it was the most acutely sensitive to extraordinary influences. Had the Southern rebellion been instituted for the express purpose of dethroning King Cotton the result could not have been more certain or complete. Yet, after all, his power is not destroyed; his sceptre is only temporarily transferred to another region—providentially, perhaps, to hasten the solution of the problem of cotton supply, which has so long vexed the political economists of the world.

When Englishmen saw that the United States were likely to retain that monopoly of the world's markets which they had so long enjoyed they cast about them for new sources of supply. They hoped to obtain at least a cheaper if not a better staple, and at the same time keep the price of it in their own hands. India seemed to promise all that they hoped for or desired. As early as 1841, under the influences at work, the receipts in Great Britain from this single source had reached considerably more than 100,000,000 pounds. After that, during a period of twenty years, until the outbreak of the rebellion in this country, they had free scope to mature their experimental project, and put it to a practical test—to increase the production of the staple, to improve its character, and to compare it with other fibres in the test of woven fabrics. In 1857 the quantity of India cotton imported into Great Britain had increased to 250,000,000 pounds. The receipts from other sources were 65,000,000 pounds additional. These were very material contributions; but they afforded no relief, as the event proved, for it was discovered that, as the shipments of raw cotton from India increased, the demand for manufactured goods there increased to such an extent as to entirely neutralize the supply. The same facts were ascertained respecting Egypt, South America, and other markets. The increased production of cotton could not be made to keep pace with the demand for goods. Of the several sources of supply the United States alone furnished more cotton than they used; and to the United States, therefore, England still had to look to make up her deficit.

But there was another more serious difficulty: the *quality* of cotton other than American was in fault—it would seem incurably in fault. As was stated before the London Society of Arts, in 1859:

> "It is the insufficient supply, or the higher price of American cotton, that has driven our manufacturers upon the short-stapled native article of India, commonly called Surat. If the price of the two were equal, scarcely a bag of Surat would be employed. When the price of American cotton rises, owing to an inadequate supply, that of East India cotton follows it at a considerable interval—the usual ratio being two to three—and the import of the latter is greatly stimulated....Our desideratum is not simply more cotton, but more cotton of the same character and price as that now imported from the States. If India were to send us two millions of bales of Surat cotton per annum the desideratum would not be supplied. We should be almost as dependent on America as ever."

The Southern rebellion put this question to an unexpectedly severe test. With the American supply cut off, all the consequences of a cotton famine that had been predicted resulted in England. The joint product of all the known sources of supply could not alleviate the distress. Surats could not supply the desideratum. It was useless except for the coarsest fabrics. As a substitute for American it was a total failure. American cotton was demanded at any price and at any risk, and under this demand the price which, in 1860, had been but 11 cents per pound rose with tremendous bounds until it reached the fabulous figure of $1 95 per pound; some choice lots were sold at even $2. This was the maximum during the war. Following the immutable law, both the price and product of the East India staple were stimulated in like ratio, and large quantities of Surats were imported into the United States to take the place of the choicer lots exported. However, the fluctuations in price were frequent and extreme until toward the close of the war, when they finally fell off both here and in England in consequence of an increased supply of raw material and a curtailed market for goods.

Still, no one lost money on cotton then, because sales were made to fill contracts—sales were made ahead of production.

When the war closed, Southerners were enabled to ship to market such cotton as they had managed to preserve, and, selling it at 40 cents @ 45 cents per pound, realized a liberal supply of money. The Southern States being bare of goods after so many years of closed ports, Southern merchants came forward freely to lay in supplies of goods. Cotton goods were in great demand. The supply in the North was not equal to the wants of the South; prices rapidly advanced; business was active; large orders were sent to England for cotton goods. This gave impulse to the cotton market in Liverpool, and by October, 1865, prices had advanced to a high figure. Our market responded to the English advance, and suddenly raw cotton sold here up to 60 @ 62 cents; but as soon as orders for goods from this side ceased the English market drooped, and down tumbled prices in our own market. Middling cotton fell to 50, and then to 45 cents. Notwithstanding this rapid decline many believed the crop of 1866 would be very short, owing to the disorganization of labor—that it would not exceed 1,000,000 bales; instead of which there seems great probability that it will reach 2,000,000, certainly 1,800,000 bales. They looked for an improvement and held on; but, instead of recovering, cotton declined still further, and touched 28 cents. Many then thought it had surely reached its lowest notch, and bought freely. This gave a spasmodic activity to the market, which stiffened prices both here and abroad. When the market had touched 31 cents the operators hesitated, stopped buying, thought it time to get out, then sold, and the market fell heavily to 22 cents. Within the past few days it has rallied a little, and there are parties who are still sanguine of a considerable advance; but their hopes are built upon the sand. The tendency is inevitably downward, and those who attempt to resist it will be apt to suffer, as others have already done. The aggregate losses in cotton have been immense thus far. Commission houses have suffered equally with speculators in consequence of making large advances to parties who can not come to time. One house not long since wisely closed its doors with a loss of $600,000 in a year, determined to have nothing more to do with it. The recent suspension of a wealthy and long-established house in this city, whose name was a tower of strength, shows what burdens our merchants have had to bear.

There is little more that need be said in review of the cotton movements of the past six years. The cotton interest of this country is at present in a very languid state. Formerly our exports of cotton sufficed to pay for our imports, but now we are largely in debt to the other side, and must make up our deficit in gold. It becomes us to set out at once to re-establish our former high prestige. India's Surats may have sufficed to meet the wants of England in 1860, but they can not supply the world's demand to-day. That demand is vastly greater now than when we contributed our quota of 4,000,000 bales in 1860. Every year adds to the category of cotton wearers, and by 1870 the demand upon us will be for ten millions instead of four. There will be a market for every pound of it at remunerative prices, for no other country can furnish the like quality of cotton in the amount required. It may be that, by reason of disaster, indifference, or disorganization of labor, the culture of cotton at the South may be retarded for a time, but that it will eventually regain its former footing is as certain as that it has surmounted serious obstacles before. When peace followed the war of 1812, it resumed its course, and the production rose from 37,000 bales to 2,177,000 bales in 1840. History will doubtless repeat itself in our day, after we shall have perfected a judicious system of labor. Give the planters encouragement and the negroes ambition to excel, and the South will again become the mistress of the world's markets. The cotton interest is no more destined to languish long than Government bonds are to be used for waste paper.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY LAW.

ONE of the most extraordinary acts ever passed by a Legislature is that which requires the Governor of this State to designate one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of this district to sit in chambers and to decide all *ex parte* motions. This act is supplemented by a clause, quietly hidden in the tax levy, which requires actions against the city to be brought in the Supreme Court. The reason of this clause, evidently the result of an oversight in the other act, will presently appear.

What, then, is the power which is thus taken from the supreme bench of the district, or from any one of the Justices sitting in chambers, and conferred upon one? It is a power greater than that of the Governor, and greater than that of any other individual in the State of New York. The New York *Times* clearly states the case. The Justice designated will be the only one who can grant an attachment or injunction in the Supreme Court, or set it aside. He alone of that Court can arrest, and to him only can an appeal for discharge from arrest be made. He alone will appoint referees of causes pending in the Court. He will exclusively control all allowances granted to counsel in the Court, except on the trial of causes. He will be the sole appointer of receivers, whether of insolvent estates, or of funds, or of property in litigation. He alone can appoint or remove trustees: and most of these acts of his are without appeal.

The public can thus see the scope of the power granted to one man by this bill. It can also see how such a bill might operate. Suppose that this Justice has made an order to open a street, and an attempt is made to get an injunction upon the opening. The bill provides that he alone can issue an attachment or injunction in the Supreme Court; and just at this point steps in the sly clause of the tax levy that all actions against the city shall be brought in the Supreme Court. If such a marvel upon the bench as a venal Judge could be imagined, what a boundless opportunity of loot is here revealed!

Or suppose, the Justice being designated, he should take offense at some remark of some thoughtless editor, construe it as slander, and issue an order of arrest for contempt of court. If the editor should apply for the *habeas corpus* the bill refers his case to the Justice who has committed him.

This is a bill not demanded by the bar, nor required by public convenience, and of a most dangerous character and tendency. It lessens the safeguards of justice and increases the chances of corrupt conspiracy. It is precisely such a bill as men who hoped to control a magistrate would anxiously favor. It makes the honest discharge of official duty more difficult by encouraging interested overtures. It is a law so extraordinary in its provisions, that, coupled with the cunning clause in the tax levy, totally irrelevant to such a bill, it inevitably excites suspicious attention. What does it mean? Who were interested in procuring its passage? Above all, since it is now a law, who is to be appointed under it? Is it a man whose reputation is spotless?—a man whose name has never been associated in any way with chicanery or bargaining—a man whose character and connections of all kinds raise him wholly above suspicion? Is it a man whose name is the synonym of honesty, and to whom those most familiar with him would gladly and willingly confide their interests? These are questions that are asked with painful curiosity. As we write the Justice is not designated; but if there be upon the Supreme bench one Judge who more than his associates is peculiarly of good repute, he should be the man. But whoever he may be, the press should watch him with sleepless eye, and criticise him with prompt and unfaltering tongue. If so vast a power is to be intrusted to one man, let it be exercised in the full gaze of the people.

Meanwhile it is impossible not to ask why the Governor, who vetoed a bill giving a slight increase of fare to the Central Railroad, approved a law which gives such an enormous and unchecked power to one man.

## STREET BOOTHS.

WE have spoken above of one extraordinary act of the Legislature. But there is another which is equally censurable, although of less importance. This is the bill which, under pretense of incorporating a Soldiers' Messenger Company, authorized booths to be built in certain streets of this city. Broadway is excluded from the operation of the bill; but a commission may authorize them to be erected elsewhere.

It seems to us that the pressure upon the Legislature for grants of railroads in this city might have suggested to it that the streets were sufficiently crowded already and required relief. Above all the sidewalks should be kept free. It is bad enough that they are so obstructed by merchandise as they are already. In Cortlandt Street, in the lower part of Dey, along Water and Front streets, and elsewhere, the foot-passenger is evidently regarded as an impertinence and is treated as a nuisance. But the booth bill announces distinctly that pedestrians have no rights of way whatever.

We should very much like to ask any gentleman who voted for the bill what sidewalk in the city of New York, upon which it would be profitable to erect a booth, is not crowded enough already? Ah! but, says the *Tribune*, the Commissioners are such honest and intelligent men, they will see that we are not abused. The argument reveals the essential vice of the whole system. We don't want Commissioners to protect us. We want the law to defend us. Since the city of New York is not in one of the Departments of the Military Bill let us have a government of laws, not of men. So in the case of the other law to which we elsewhere allude, which confers such extraordinary powers upon one Judge of the Supreme Court, the *Tribune* and other papers extol a certain Justice whom they hope may be appointed. The argument is that with so honest a man the rights of the citizens will be secure. Yet that is but confessing that, if an unfit person be appointed, he may do infinite mischief under the law—and that is the severest condemnation of the law.

Let us have a government of laws just in principle, which consult the public convenience, and not private advantage at the public expense.

## PURE AND IMPURE WATER.

WE have received some communications from some of our readers in relation to our articles on impurities of water. One speaks of a well which he had dug for a railroad that has so large a supply of water that he is much puzzled to account for it. It is but six feet in diameter, and yet he assisted in pumping six thousand gallons from it in a little over two hours. He says nothing of the surroundings; but they evidently must be such that the ground in the neighborhood is full of water in the strata that are on a level with the bottom of the well, and these strata must be of such a character that the water very readily permeates them. It is these two circumstances that must account for the very free flow of the water into the well.

Another writes from a village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, situated upon a plain that slopes gently from the bank of a river back to a peat bog. The land on which the village stands is a gravelly soil, and the wells are from six to ten feet deep. Some facts are stated which show that the water flows into the wells very freely. One would suppose, therefore, that any impurities, especially if deposited any number of feet below the surface in the neighborhood of the wells, would find their way into them, and make the water unfit for use. But the writer states cases in which the cellars of stables are within a little distance from wells, in one case fifteen feet, and in another ten, and yet these wells furnish water which is considered pure. The well which is fifteen feet from a stable "has furnished for generations the best of drinking water for the stores and shops in the neighborhood." The writer asks, in relation to these facts, "How shall it be accounted for that these wells in this sandy, gravelly soil are not tainted by the surroundings?" We reply that there are only two suppositions that can account for it. One is, that the soil may be of such a character that by acting chemically upon the impurities it neutralizes them. Another is, that the distribution of the water in the soil may have such irregularities as to prevent communication between the manure cellars and the wells in their neighborhood. This is undoubtedly the explanation, at least in most cases similar to those which have been alluded to.

We have frequent illustrations of such irregularities. A spring issuing from the side of a hill is a common one. The hill may be constructed throughout of similar materials, but they are so arranged that the water makes its way in some parts more readily than in others, and most readily where the spring pours forth.

Sometimes changes take place in the distribution of water in the ground. The writer gives an example of this in his communication. A friend of his, living near the river, had a well which, after furnishing him good water for seven years, last summer became wholly unfit for use. He attributed the impurity of the water to the manure of his stable thrown out upon the ground thirty feet from the well. He had the well pumped out thoroughly two or three times to no purpose, and, giving it up, he dug a new well in the cellar of his house less than twenty feet from the old one, which gives him good water. Whether he was right or not as to the source of the impurity, the facts certainly show that there must have been some change in the distribution of the water at the end of the seven years to introduce the impurity, from whatever source it came.

In relation to the water pronounced by the writer to be so decidedly good on account of its palpable qualities, is it certain that it did not derive from the stables some deleterious ingredients that could not be detected by smell or taste? We know that when lead is present in water in sufficient quantity to undermine the health of those who drink it, it may not injure at all its agreeable character, and the same may be true of other injurious ingredients derived from different sources. Still we think that it is generally, or even, perhaps, almost always, true that water which looks good, smells good, and tastes good, is good.

Sometimes people make distinctions about the comparative excellence of water from different sources, which seem to be fanciful, and yet they may not be so—in some cases they certainly are not. Wine-drinkers talk of the bouquet of different wines, and so there may be a peculiar bouquet to waters from different wells or springs. Water would be always the same thing if it were simply water—that is, merely a compound of oxygen and hydrogen. But it contains in solution various solid substances, and in a sort of solution the gases of the atmosphere; and it is these which, in the varieties of their proportions, give variation to what may be called the bouquet of water. A friend, who was once a missionary in China, told us an anecdote which well illustrates this matter. A brother missionary, who was sick, expressed to him over and over again the strongest desire for some of the mountain water, which could only be obtained by going a distance of twelve miles. At first he thought it a foolish notion, but at length yielded to his importunity and procured some of the water, which proved so grateful to the sick man that he did not at all regret the trouble that it cost to obtain it. He was taken sick himself shortly after, and then he understood why his co-laborer had such a desire for the mountain water, for he also longed for it, and when it was obtained experienced its refreshing power. He also stated that the Governor-General of the province drank no water except this from the mountain springs twelve miles distant.

We have known ourselves some cases of special longing in sickness for water from some particular source. A lady sick with yellow-fever far away from her home, in her delirium constantly urged the nurse to get her some water from the old familiar well. This decided preference in sickness is but the heightening of one that exists in health, partly from the desire of something refreshing, and partly from the exaltation of the sensibilities by disease.

## LITERARY.

THE *Diamond Editions* of poets and novelists are very pretty and compact, but they are fatal to the eyes. Nobody who values his sight will trust himself to much reading of them, although in these days of dear books they are often tempting by their low price. The HARPERS have issued an edition of THACKERAY'S "Pendennis" which is not only cheaper than the diamond, but is perfectly legible. It is also enriched with an admirable portrait of the author, and with the original delightful illustrations by THACKERAY himself, full of his racy humor. This neat and handsome volume will be one of the most delightful companions of summer travel.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

GENERAL SICKLES has assumed control of the police forces of his district.

General Wager Swayne, commanding in Alabama, has abolished chain-gangs and the old vagrant law, which practically made a vagrant of every free negro.

A negro named Theophilus Ash was elected one of the town commissioners of Plymouth, North Carolina, on April 20.

A party of returned rebels in Kentucky, on April 19, prevented the Union candidate for Lieutenant-Governor from speaking at Germantown by threatening him with violence. They then fired some buildings and burned a portion of the town.

At an election for Mayor in Huntsville, Alabama, recently, the negro vote assisted to defeat the agent of the Freedmen's Bureau.

General Schofield has decided that rebel conscripts are not necessarily deprived of the right to vote.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The condition of East Tennessee just now is somewhat similar to that of Mississippi just after the close of the war—lawlessness overriding every thing. On April 17 Mr. George L. Yates, formerly Major of the Ninth Tennessee Cavalry, and then clerk of the Sullivan County Circuit Court, received the following letter:

(A bill of good things for Fred Douglas, who is called George L. Yates.) This instrument of writing is to notify you to leave Blountville and go to a climate where Radicalism is more congenial. You never have been notified before; but it was contemplated. I am not an enemy to you, but a friend to all such sweet pinks. You are liable to be shot down upon the streets at any time, or at least to be tarred and feathered. Now do as you are directed, and leave Blountville in twelve days, or suffer the penalty.

MANY REBELS IN BLOUNTVILLE.

As such notices had frequently been served before Major Yates paid but little attention to it, and continued at his duties. On April 24 he had occasion to visit the country, and while he was absent a party of men, under command of a man named Hobbs, came into Blountville, rode to his house, but having learned of his absence, rode back in the central portion of the town where they met Mr. Nelson Wright, an old man of seventy, and who had, during the entire war, been a Union man. Hobbs said to him, "You d—d old villain, I understand you used to help Yankees make their escape from our prisons." Mr. Wright replied that he had not, but that he had once fed a party of them, and would do it again if an opportunity presented. Hobbs immediately drew his revolver and shot him through the head, at the same time exclaiming, "Then take your pay, you d—d old thief." The party then rode through town and called out for several Union men, who very wisely did not answer, as they would undoubtedly have shared the fate of Mr. Wright; and as there appeared no more for them to do, they rode over the line into Virginia.

Rev. J. C. White, on April 24, attempted to lecture on Romanism at Quincy, Illinois, but was prevented by a mob of at least two thousand persons, eager for an opportunity of doing violence to the lecturer.

The Governor of South Carolina estimates that there are 100,000 persons in that State who have not tasted meat in a month. Several cases of starvation are reported.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE war in Mexico by the fall of Puebla is narrowed down to the sieges of Vera Cruz and Queretaro. Puebla was captured by Porfirio Diaz on April 2 after an obstinate contest, and sixty-three of the Imperial officers were shot after their surrender. Marquez, who had escaped from Queretaro and arrived at Mexico city, appeared before Puebla soon after its capture with four thousand men, too late, however, to reinforce the garrison. Diaz immediately engaged and defeated him, capturing guns and ammunition, but not Marquez himself. The news from Queretaro is to April 6, and from Liberal sources. Maximilian had sent three Commissioners to Juarez, offering to surrender if the lives and property of the prominent chieftains were guaranteed. These conditions were refused. Maximilian then made two efforts to cut his way out and reach the city of Mexico, but failed in both. In the last effort General Miramon was shot in both legs. The condition of the besieged is represented as horrible, and the speedy capture of the town was regarded as certain. The siege of Vera Cruz was progressing with spirit on April 12. Solid shot and shell were being hurled daily into the city, and the condition of the citizens was distressing. A flag of truce had arrived announcing the fall of Puebla and the execution of Imperial officers and demanding capitulation, guaranteeing that no lives should be taken among the prisoners if the town surrendered before the 15th inst., but after that no guarantee could be expected.

On the night of April 11 a proclamation was posted in the streets of Rome calling on the people to rise in insurrection against the papal authorities, and promising the support of Garibaldi, who it was stated would respect the spiritual authority of the Pope while endeavoring to overthrow his temporal power.

The Russian Government is to take its pay for Russian America in old United States iron-clads.

General Salnave, who was driven out of Hayti over a year ago by Geffrard and the English gun-boat *Bulldog*, has succeeded to the Presidency vacated by Geffrard, and arrived from exile at Cape Haytien on March 27.

If the present rate of emigration from Ireland is continued throughout the season the total numbers who will have left at the end of this year will exceed that of 1865, when the largest exodus ever known took place.

TUNNEL UNDER THE CHICAGO RIVER.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

## CHICAGO RIVER TUNNEL.

THE Chicago River, a narrow stream, runs through the city of the same name. A number of bridges furnish the present means of transit across this river, the width of which is not more than 250 feet. To allow the numerous craft to pass up this stream, which is really the harbor of Chicago, on their way to and from Lake Michigan, the bridges are constructed so as to swing upon a pivot arranged in a pier of masonry built in the centre of the stream. These bridges are continually open, making the crossing of them so uncertain that it seems strange that the energetic inhabitants of the Western metropolis should have endured the nuisance for so long a time. Tunnels are to be constructed to replace these bridges. The one already commenced at the foot of Washington Street, and which we illustrate on this page, it is expected will be completed before another year has passed. Our correspondent thus describes it: "A coffer-dam of piles is built half across the stream, the other half being left open for the convenience of passing vessels. Beneath this coffer-dam the tunnel is built, when that side of the river will be thrown open and the dam built on the other side. The estimated cost is $408,000."

SHAD-FISHING IN NEW YORK BAY—PICKING THE STAKE-NETS.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 302.]

MR. THOMAS NAST.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

## THOMAS NAST.

THOMAS NAST, whose portrait, engraved by his friend, W. L. THOMAS of London, appears in this issue, and who is most agreeably known to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*, is the son of a musician in the Bavarian army, and was born in Landau, Bavaria, in the year 1840. When he was six years old his parents came to the United States, bringing their boy with them. They were very poor, but their industry presently made them comfortable. The boy showed from the beginning his fondness for drawing; and although his parents were very sure that it was folly to devote himself to any thing but a mechanical trade, he persevered in his artistic studies. Upon leaving school he drew with KAUFMANN for six months, and had no further instruction from a master.

When he was fifteen years old NAST began as a draughtsman for an illustrated paper. He gave himself so ardently to his work, sparing but four hours for sleep, and diligently drawing and studying during the rest of the night, that he found he was injuring his sight and his health. Three years of diligence and success made his name known, and leaving his exclusive work upon the paper, he was so profitably employed that in February, 1860, he had money enough for a visit to Europe. He went to England with an engagement to send home pictures of the prize-fight between HEENAN and SAYERS. From England he pushed on to Italy, and reached Genoa in time to join Colonel MEDICI's expedition to Southern Italy; and crossing to Sicily, went through the island with GARIBALDI, and was afterward at the sieges of Capua and Gaeta. He made sketches of all the memorable events he saw for American, English, and French illustrated papers; and after a rapid tour through Germany, Switzerland, and France, the young artist landed again at the end of a year in New York.

NAST immediately began to paint pictures suggested by his Italian experience. But the opening of a grander campaign drew his heart and mind to another theme; and in the year 1862 he began the remarkable series of illustrations which have appeared in this paper. In the year 1866 he designed a collection of grotesques for the *bal d'opera*—a gallery of semi-satirical popular portraits, unique for the purpose, and very successful, each being a palpable hit. He has recently devoted himself with his wonted diligence and ardor to painting, and his "Union Advance arriving at a Plantation," an episode of SHERMAN's march through Georgia, is one of the most characteristic and admirable pictures suggested by the war. It was exhibited at the Academy in 1865, but it was ingeniously hung over a door entirely out of sight. But it is one of a class of pictures which will be greatly multiplied unless our artists think that heroism and romance are incompatible with our own history and experience.

But of all NAST's works his pictures for this

paper are undoubtedly the most characteristic and important. They are of an allegorico-political character, at once poems and speeches. They argue the case to the eye, and conclusively. A few lines does the work of many words, and with a force of eloquence which no words can rival. During the great Presidential campaign of 1864 these pictures were powers. "The Chicago Platform" was irresistible. The dishonor and essential treachery of the Democratic Convention, that wretched tender to the Rebel Congress, were exposed with unsparing and overwhelming skill. The baseness, the cowardice, the insincerity, and the inhumanity of the Chicago plotters were revealed to every man and woman in the land. This drawing and "Compromise with the South" were prodigious batteries. Their influence upon the glorious result of the campaign was undeniable.

Since the surrender NAST's pictures have been of the same general character, adapted to the changed circumstances. His striking contrast of the rebel chiefs and the maimed colored soldier of the Union before Columbia, and her question—"Shall I trust these men, and not this man?" illustrated the deepest feeling of the generous American heart, against which the President has vainly struggled. So the fancy of the President as Iago, and the colored loyalist as Othello, was a terrible stripping off of disguises, and a glimpse of the tragical truth. GILRAY is the only political draughtsman who can be at all named with NAST; but GILRAY's work is gross, prosaic caricature compared with the subtle, suggestive, imaginative touch of NAST in his happy moments.

His recent pictures, "Southern Justice" and "Amphitheatrum Johnsonianum" are very significant. They tell their own story. They represent, not accidents, such as might happen any where, but a system of brutal crime which no other civilized people in the world would have so long tolerated; a system of persecution and destruction of loyal citizens of the United States which the United States will endure no longer. These pictures are the argument of the Reconstruction bill. The civil law of rebel States, made and administered by ex-rebels, is found to be no defense against crimes committed upon loyal men; and if those men are to be protected, it must be for the present by the national arm.

In JARVES's "Art Idea"—a work well known to artists and connoisseurs—there is the following opinion of the talents and capacity of THOMAS NAST, which we hope and believe he will not fail to justify:

"The lofty character and vast issues of our civil war have thus far had but slight influences on our art. Rarely have our artists sought to give even the realistic scenes of strife. This may be in part owing to their inaptitude in treating the human figure, or the delineation of strong passions and heroic action.

"Judging from wood-cuts in *Harper's Weekly* of compositions relating to the various stages of the war, NAST is an artist of uncommon abilities. He has composed designs, or rather given hints of his ability to do so, of allegorical, symbolical, or illustrative character far more worthy to be transferred in paint to the wall spaces of our public buildings than any thing that has as yet been placed upon them. Although hastily got up for a temporary purpose, they evince originality of conception, freedom of manner, lofty appreciation of national ideas and action, and a large artistic instinct."

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

## Book I.

### CHAPTER III.

THE SAXELBYS.

MABEL EARNSHAW's mother had married a second time. Her present husband, Mabel's step-father, was a Mr. Saxelby; and by him she had one child, a little boy of three years old. Mr. Saxelby was chief clerk—he said secretary—to the flourishing company which supplied Hammerham with gas. He was a very thoroughly efficient clerk, and had risen to his present position in the company's employ, through various gradations, until he had come to be a very much trusted and influential personage in nearly all their transactions. He earned a good salary, and, some people thought, had saved money; others maintained that he lived fully up to his income. He had met Mrs. Earnshaw—then a very pretty widow—at a Welsh watering-place, some five years before the date of my story. She was living as companion to a very cross and disagreeable old lady, who combined those attributes with remarkably strong and uncompromising low-church views on religion. She tortured poor, meek, weak, pretty Mrs. Earnshaw with her temper, and frightened her with her doctrine. So when Mr. Saxelby—then a staid bachelor of two-and-forty—fell in love with and proposed to her, the poor woman was grateful to him in proportion to the joy she felt at the idea of escaping from her present lot, and accepted him without hesitation. Her little girl was staying with some relatives of her late father. Very little was ever said about these relatives after Mrs. Earnshaw's second marriage; but Mr. Saxelby at once sent for the child, and had her to live in his own house. He behaved well to Mabel on the whole, and was a kind husband to her mother. But between him and his step-daughter much sympathy was impossible. Benjamin Saxelby's character was rigid, his intellect narrow, his education very limited. His was the intolerant ignorance which is so hopeless to deal with, because it can conceive nothing beyond the circumscribed range within its ken, and takes its own horizon for the boundary of the universe. He had a standard of duty, to which—in justice it must be said—he conscientiously endeavored to adhere. But unfortunately this included very few qualities that are calculated to call forth strong attachment. And it was beyond Mr. Saxelby's mental possibilities to perceive that when Mabel's moral measurement failed to coincide accurately with his standard, it was occasionally because she was above and not below it. His wife's weaker and more plastic nature accommodated itself more easily to his opinions and prejudices. Besides, all the love of which he was capable was given to her and to her boy. And if there exist any natures in which real love does not awaken an answering affection, Mrs. Saxelby's was not one of them. She was very grateful, very gentle, very humble, and a little selfish, with the soft selfishness that springs from weakness and indolence. Mabel was tenderly attached to her mother, toward whom she assumed at times a sort of protecting air; but she cherished a secret worship for her dead father's memory: crediting him with many more high and noble qualities than he had ever possessed, and clinging passionately to those who belonged to his blood. Mabel had been too young to form any real estimate of her father's character, for he died when she was but six years old. But she had thought of him, and spoken of him, until she persuaded herself that she retained a vivid remembrance of her dead parent.

The Saxelby household was by no means an unhappy one. Mabel had too much sweetness of nature, and clearness of mind to grudge her mother the happiness and comfort she derived from her second marriage. And when the baby-brother arrived she took the little fellow into her warm young heart and loved him with a rich abundance of sisterly affection. There was one point, and one only, on which Mabel felt any bitterness or resentment toward her step-father, and this point they both tacitly agreed to avoid. The grievance which rankled in Mabel's mind arose from the mode in which she had been withdrawn from the protection of her father's relatives; and the absolute prohibition which Mr. Saxelby commanded his wife to lay on her holding any communication with them from the time she left their roof for his. Mabel had been a little girl of eleven at the period of her mother's second marriage, and the five years that had since passed had served to obliterate from her mind in a great degree the impressions of the time spent in her aunt's family. Still she preserved an affectionate remembrance of those tabooed relatives, and had made many high, though rather vague, resolves to seek them out and renew her old loving intercourse with them at that distant and constantly receding epoch, which I presume we have all of us pictured to ourselves once upon a time, and which Mabel naïvely characterized as "the time when I shall be able to do as I like."

The Saxelbys' social position in Hammerham was immensely inferior to that of the Charlewoods; and yet the two families were on very intimate terms. Benjamin Saxelby and Luke Charlewood had known each other as men of business for years; Mr. Charlewood being, in fact, one of the principal directors of the gas company, whose shareholders had collectively a right to call Mr. Saxelby their servant. But it was not until after his marriage that the latter had crossed the threshold of Bramley Manor. Augusta Charlewood was just completing her education at the school to which Mabel's step-father sent her when the little girl arrived there as a new pupil. And Augusta Charlewood had taken a fit of romantic affection for her school-fellow. (Augusta Charlewood was rather prone to take fits of romantic affection. But it is only fair to add that they did not last long.) However, an invitation given and accepted for Mabel to pass some holiday weeks at Bramley Manor led to an acquaintance between the Charlewoods and Mabel's mother and step-father. And the Hammerham millionaires were not long in discovering that, whatever might be said of Mr. Saxelby, his wife bore the unmistakable stamp of gentle breeding; and that the gloss of their spick-and-span gentility ran no risk of being tarnished by her society. Augusta's short-lived enthusiasm for that "dear, sweet, clever Mabel," had cooled very considerably long ago, but the young girl had ingratiated herself thoroughly with all the other members of the family, and was treated almost like a pet child of the house.

"Don't you think Christian charity is a very, very rare thing, Mr. Charlewood? I don't mean charity in giving. *That* is not uncommon. But charity in speaking and thinking?"

She always felt a little shy with Clement Charlewood, of whose judgment and sense she had formed a very high opinion. And then he was habitually so grave and reserved that she had never been able to become on the same terms of easy intimacy with him as with the rest of the family. She even had an idea that he did not particularly like her, although he was invariably kind and courteous. "I know he looks upon me as a silly little school-girl," said Mabel to herself.

"Without going further into your definition of charity, Miss Earnshaw, would you mind telling me, in plain words, what unkind speaking you so resent?"

She colored deeply, but answered with firmness, "I think it was uncharitable to say that the little girl's soul was in peril only because her father plays in the orchestra of the theatre. I believe very good people may belong to theatres."

The young man glanced down at the flushed girlish face by his side in undisguised astonishment.

"They *may*, certainly, I suppose," he said, slowly. "But forgive me for remarking that you are too young and too in—inexperienced to know much about it."

"Of course I'm young," said Mabel, making the damaging admission in all humility, "but, for all that, I do believe—I do know, that there are good people in theatres."

They had arrived at her home as she said the words, and without waiting for a reply she pushed open the garden gate and ran lightly up the path to the house.

The Saxelbys lived in what the agent, who let it, called a "cottage horny." It was a square low house built of light yellow bricks, with long French windows opening to the ground; and it had a pretty bright space of flower-garden in front, separated from the road by one of the thick neatly clipped box hedges for which the suburbs of Hammerham are famous. There was a wooden veranda, painted a very bright green, running round the house; and a very beautiful jessamine twined round the slender pillars that supported the veranda, and filled the air with the delicate perfume of its creamy star-shaped flowers. At the back there was a long narrow stretch of velvet grass, inclosed between walls covered with fruit trees. Altogether, Jessamine Cottage, Fitzhenry's Road, was a very pleasant peaceful English-looking residence. And Mrs. Saxelby had contrived to give to its interior arrangements an air of elegance which was wanting to the gaudy splendor of Bramley Manor.

Mabel stopped on the threshold of the glass door that gave access to the little entrance hall, and said with her hand on the bell,

"You'll come in and see mamma, Mr. Charlewood?"

He hesitated. But she seemed to take his compliance for granted; for as soon as the neat maid-servant had opened the door, she passed in, saying without turning her head, "This way, please, Mr. Charlewood. Mamma will be in the morning-room, I know."

So Clement followed her, and found himself unannounced in Mrs. Saxelby's presence. That lady was sitting in a small room looking on to the lawn; and the light chintz-patterned muslin dress she wore harmonized perfectly with the freshness and simplicity of her surroundings. The walls of the little sitting-room were covered with a pale brown paper, touched sparingly with gold. The carpet was a light brown; and the window-curtains were of spotless white muslin. There was not an article in the room that could, strictly speaking, be called ornamental, except an abundance of flowers. And yet, as Clement Charlewood paused for an instant at the door, and looked at the sober-tinted room, with its green back-ground seen through the open window, and the delicate feminine figure that rose quietly to welcome him, he was struck by the beauty and harmony of the picture, and made an involuntary comparison in his mind between it and his mother's drawing-room at Bramley Manor, which was by no means favorable to the latter.

Mrs. Saxelby was a still pretty woman, with a fair smooth skin, and aquiline profile. She held out her hand with a gracious smile in greeting to Clement.

Mabel threw off her bonnet, and, kneeling at her mother's side, began to tell of the accident, and how frightened they had all been at first, and how kindly Mr. Charlewood had given orders for the poor child's comfort. "Oh, mamma," she cried, winding up her somewhat confused recital, "she was such a sweet-looking little creature. I should so like—if I might—to call and ask if I could do any thing for her."

"Really," said Clement, quickly, "you mustn't think of it. It wouldn't do at all." Then, checking himself, he turned to Mrs. Saxelby with a half-apologetic manner. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Saxelby," he said; "but I assure you the place is not the sort of place for Miss Earnshaw to visit, nor are the people the sort of people for Miss Earnshaw to come in contact with. She could do them no good. I will answer for every necessary care being taken of the little girl."

"Dear Mabel is apt to be a little impulsive," said Mrs. Saxelby, stroking her daughter's hair.

"Mamma, the child's father, Mr. Trescott, is a musician who plays in the orchestra of the theatre," said Mabel, in a low, distinct tone.

There was a moment's silence. Mrs. Saxelby's netting had fallen from her hand on to the floor, and had apparently become entangled, for she stooped over it for some seconds without speaking. "How can you persist, Mabel?" she said, still busy with her netting. "You know Mr. Saxelby wouldn't hear of it."

Mabel rose from her knees. "I think it would be right to go and see if I could do the little girl any good," she said, "and I don't suppose, mamma, that *you* think her father must be wicked because he plays in a theatre." With that she locked her lips into a peculiarly scornful curve, which they had a natural capacity for quickly assuming, and walked out of the open French window into the garden without a glance at Clement.

"I'm afraid," he said, following with his eyes the flutter of Mabel's dress as she slowly paced down the long narrow grass-plat—"I'm afraid Miss Earnshaw is a little displeased with me for venturing to oppose her philanthropic intentions."

"Oh, you must not take offense at her manner, Mr. Charlewood. She is but a child. I shall give her a lecture by-and-by."

"Offense! No indeed. I admire the generous feeling that prompts her. But do you know, Mrs. Saxelby, she seems to me to have some particular tenderness for these theatre people."

How singularly unmanageable Mrs. Saxelby's netting was this afternoon! It had again got itself into a condition which necessitated her stooping over it.

Clement lingered a little, hat in hand. "I must be going," he said, with a glance toward the garden. "Will you say good-by for me to Miss Earnshaw? and," he added, with a smile, "beg her not to think me altogether wanting in Christian charity."

But as he spoke Mabel returned, and, going up to him, quietly held out her hand. "Good-by," she said, "and thank you once more."

"Don't thank me, please, but tell me you forgive me."

"I forgive you," she said, with naïve gravity, "because you do not know any better."

"You are tremendously uncompromising, Miss Earnshaw, "but I am glad to be forgiven by you on any terms. Good-by. And trust me the pretty little girl shall be well looked after."

"Mamma," said Mabel, when the sound of Clement Charlewood's footsteps had died away along the quiet road, "don't be angry with me. But I can not bear to hear those things said without protest. It seems like—like bearing false witness."

Her mother drew the girl's head down and kissed her silently. The autumn twilight seemed to have filled the room all at once, and she could not see Mabel's face distinctly, but as she pressed her lips against her child's soft cheek she felt that it was wet with tears.

### CHAPTER IV.

NUMBER TWENTY-THREE NEW BRIDGE STREET.

"I'M *so* thirsty."

Poor little Corda Trescott had said these words in a weak, plaintive voice four or five times one night before a tall bony woman, who was sitting at the head of the child's bed, roused herself. The woman's gown was dirty, and her sandy hair was rough and unkempt, and she wore it twisted into a meagre wisp, and fastened with a big imitation tortoise-shell comb at the back of her head. She had a glaring red glass brooch at her throat, but no collar; gilt ear-rings in her ears; and held in her unwashed hands a soiled number of some red-hot romance which was then in course of publication for the sum of one half-penny weekly.

This was Mrs. Hutchins, the landlady of the house in which the Trescotts lodged, and to whose care the child was necessarily confided during her father's nightly absence at the theatre.

Mr. Hutchins was a hard-working carpenter who earned decent wages. But as they were a childless couple, and as Mrs. Hutchins's domestic duties were consequently not of a nature to absorb her whole time and attention, she was in the habit of letting the two rooms on her first floor and a garret at the top of the house.

More than a week had passed since the accident, and little Corda Trescott was mending rapidly, though she was still weak and helpless. True to his promise to Mabel, and prompted, besides, by a kindly interest in the child, Clement Charlewood had sent to the house such comforts and delicacies as might reasonably be supposed to be beyond the culinary skill of Mrs. Hutchins, and he had called himself at No. 23 New Bridge Street, when business brought him into the neighborhood. This was not seldom, for there were busy wharves and counting-houses in close proximity to its squalid dwellings, and not a little of the gold that glittered profusely in the suburban villas of Hammerham was dug out of these dingy mines.

On one or two occasions when Clement paid a hasty visit to the little invalid he had heard from an upper chamber the sound of a violin played with remarkable skill and power. Clement had a great love of music, and some knowledge of it. Hammerham people, indeed, mostly pride themselves on their musical knowledge. He was struck by the unexpected finish of style of the unseen player, and asked Corda if it were her father? But the child had answered, "No. Papa can't play like that, though it was papa who first taught Alfred." Alfred, she explained, was her brother. Alfred was a very clever brother, and she was very fond of Alfred. He had a fine tone; didn't Mr. Charlewood think so? Papa said Alfred had a fine tone. Papa said Alfred ought to make a great player. Only—and here Corda's voice was lowered confidentially, and she looked very serious—only he *wouldn't* practice. Not regularly, that was to say. Sometimes he would take a fit of industry, and practice ten hours a day for a week. But he had promised *her* that he would work steadily, and she was in daily expectation of his beginning to do so in earnest. Did he, then, do nothing for his living? Oh yes; Alfred was engaged sometimes in the orchestra of the theatre when any extra help was required. He was engaged just now, for an opera company was performing at the theatre, and Alfred could take a first violin, while papa could only play second. But papa was very clever too. Mr. Charlewood mustn't suppose it was not very difficult indeed to play a good second.

"I'm *so* thirsty, Mrs. Hutchins!"

The little voice came faintly once more out of the poor bed, and the bright feverish eyes looked wistfully at a great earthen-ware pitcher standing on the mantle-piece.

"Goodness sake, Cordelia!" ejaculated Mrs. Hutchins, petulantly, "I hear you. You've said so ten times in a minute." Then glancing at the patient face on the pillow her heart was softened, and she got up and poured out a mugful of barley-water from the great pitcher. Approaching the bed, she held the mug to the child's lips while she swallowed a deep draught.

"Ah-h-h! That's good, ain't it?" said Mrs. Hutchins, sympathetically drawing a long breath. Then she smoothed the child's hair back from her heated forehead with a not ungentle hand. But Corda shrank from its touch; for her senses, always delicate in their perceptions, even to fastidiousness, were far from being blunted by illness. And it must be confessed that, without being extraordinarily dainty, one might have taken exception to Mrs. Hutchins's hand. But, fortunately, the good lady perceived nothing of the child's shrinking, by reason of her having plunged again into the perils which encompassed "Rosalba of Naples; or, the Priest, the Page, and the Penitent;"

"I wonder," said little Corda, after a pause,

restlessly turning her hot head on the pillow, "I wonder what o'clock it is?"

Mrs. Hutchins followed Rosalba of Naples into the "deepest dungeon below the castle-keep," and heard the massive doors locked on her with a "fatal clash," before she answered shortly, "Dunno, I'm sure."

"Because papa said he would come straight home after he had done. It's 'Lucia' to-night. 'Lucia' isn't a long opera. I should think he'd be back by eleven; shouldn't you, Mrs. Hutchins?"

Rosalba having by this time got her body halfway through the narrow loop-hole looking on to the moat (preparatory to escaping by means of a rope-ladder supplied by the page), the situation was too critical to admit of Mrs. Hutchins's having a scrap of attention to spare. So she vaguely murmured, "All right, my dear."

Down in the kitchen a clock was ticking loudly, and some shrill crickets kept up a piercing chorus on the hearth. Black beetles, fortunately, are silent creatures, or they might have contributed a formidable addition to the noises that fretted the sick child's nerves. Waiting, waiting, waiting! How long the time seemed! Would her father never come home? Suddenly it occurred to her to turn the importunate ticking of the kitchen-clock to account. She knew that there were sixty seconds in a minute, and sixty minutes in an hour. She would count the time by the beats of the clock, and that would make it pass quicker. Her father must be home by eleven. She guessed it to be about ten now. So she would count for an hour, and at the end of it papa would be here. Tick-tack, tick-tack, one, two, three, four—two, three—one, two—and the small slight fingers that had been tapping on the coverlet relaxed, and were still. The eyelids quivered, drooped, and closed over the lustrous hazel eyes. The breath came regularly from between the parted lips—little Corda was fast asleep.

Almost at the same moment Rosalba succeeded, after various desperate struggles, in wriggling through the loop-hole, and getting a fair hold of the rope-ladder. While she was still "poised with one fairy foot upon its topmost round," the number came to an abrupt termination.

"Lord bless us!" cried Mrs. Hutchins, impatiently, "to think of its leaving off at that there interestin' pint! It's like as if they done it a' purpose."

Laying down the story she refreshed herself with a copious draught from the earthen pitcher.

"Very good barley-water," said Mrs. Hutchins, "though it might ha' been better for a sup o' sherry in it. I s'pose they dussn't put it, 'cos of fever. Uncommon kind of young Charlewood to be so attentive to Cordelia, and send things a'most every day. I never knowed the fam'ly was renounced"—Mrs. Hutchins probably meant renowned—"for troubling theirselves too much about other folk's wants. Old Luke's a hard old file. That's about what *he* is."

Mrs. Hutchins pursued her meditations half aloud before an oval looking-glass hanging over the chimney-piece, which so defied all the recognized laws of gravity and perspective in the reflected image of the room which it presented as to cause an instant sensation of sea-sickness in any unaccustomed beholder.

"Ah! she's a nice little creetur," Mrs. Hutchins went on, "but spiled. Trescott's too uppish by half. I can't think why them sort of people should give theirselves airs. But they mostly do. Young Alfred's the flower of the flock, for *my* money. He do so remind me of Sir Leonardo Gonzaga of the Sable Plume. Just the pictur of Leonardo he is, accordin' to my fancy. Only he's younger, and his hair ain't quite coal-black; and he don't flash so continual with his eyes as Leonardo do."

Mrs. Hutchins was beginning to doze, with her arms folded on the table, and her hair in dangerous proximity to the flame of the candle, when the turning of a latch-key in the house-door and the sound of voices roused her. She jumped up with a start and hurried down stairs, arriving in the kitchen as Mr. Trescott and his son, a lad of eighteen, entered it. Each carried in his hand one of those queer coffin-shaped boxes known as violin-cases. The dress of both was poor. But while the father's attire made no pretense of smartness, but expressed a sort of resigned and conscious shabbiness, the son's was indicative in twenty ways of an attempt at fashion and rakishness. Alfred Trescott was a remarkably handsome young fellow. His hair was allowed to grow long, and was put carelessly behind his ears, in foreign fashion. His pale face and regular features were illumined by a pair of magnificent dark eyes, shaded by long lashes that many a reigning belle might have envied. These eyelashes gave a look of almost feminine softness to the eyes beneath them. But when you met their gaze full—which was not often, for they shifted restlessly from moment to moment—you perceived that there was nothing soft in the expression of the eyes themselves, but, on the contrary, a sinister watchful look, that seemed to hint at mingled ferocity and deceit.

"How's Corda?" asked Mr. Trescott, limping into the kitchen.

"Ah, how's the poor little kid?" said Alfred.

"Well, she's asleep now, Mr. Trescott. I've a' been with her all the blessed evening," said Mrs. Hutchins, assuming (somewhat unnecessarily) an air of fatigue and exhaustion. "And Hutchins, he's been in bed these two hours. So be so good as not to make no more noise than you can help on going up stairs, Mr. Alfred; for Hutchins he has to be up at his work by five tomorrow, and if he don't get his rest reg'lar he's good for nothing."

"All serene, Mrs. H.," rejoined Alfred, carelessly; and he proceeded to strike a match wherewith to light a short, scientifically blackened pipe, which he drew from his pocket.

"Alf," said his father, speaking in jerks, and with a nervous, twitching manner, "I wish you wouldn't smoke now; your tobacco is fearfully strong, and the smell of it penetrates all through the house. I know Corda doesn't like it, and I don't believe it's good for her."

"Does she say so?" asked Alf, poking out, with the unburned end of his lucifer-match, a straggling black beetle left behind by its retreating comrades in a chink of the hearth-stone.

"Say so? Of course not. What does she ever say, with herself for its subject? But you might have a little consideration for her in her feverish state, without her entreating it."

"Ah!" returned the young man, coolly taking a long slow pull at the black pipe, "just so. Only, you have heard from Mrs. H. that Corda is fast asleep; consequently, Sir, this baccy will please me and do her no harm."

While Mrs. Hutchins spread the supper-table in the untidy kitchen, setting forth cold meat, bread, and beer, Mr. Trescott took a candle and stole softly up stairs to the room where Corda lay still sleeping. Shading the light with his hand, he stood by the bedside, and watched for a minute or two the sweet, delicate face flushed with slumber, and the gold-brown curls tossed in disorder over the coarse pillow. Some sense of her father's silent presence must have awakened the child, for though he neither spoke nor moved, she opened her eyes and held out her arms to embrace him with a little gasp of pleasure.

"Papa!"

"My pet," said Mr. Trescott, "I have disturbed you."

"No, papa. I haven't been asleep a single minute. I was counting the clock, and that made me drowsy."

"Counting the clock, Corda?"

Mr. Trescott's face twitched as with some painful thought, and he limped uneasily once or twice up and down the room. "I'm afraid, my little one," he said, coming back to the bed, "I am terribly afraid that you are unhappy while I am out. What can I do, Corda? I *must* go."

"I know, papa."

"Isn't that woman kind and attentive to you when I am away?"

"Quite kind, papa. She gives me a drink and moves me in bed whenever I ask her. I don't want her to talk to me. It don't amuse me, papa. I would rather lie and think."

"Well, don't think, but sleep now, Corda. You'll soon be strong again, and able to go out with me."

"Does—does Alf know I'm awake?" asked the child, wistfully.

"I think not, my darling. Mrs. Hutchins said you were asleep when we came in."

"Do you think he would mind coming to kiss me and say 'good-night,' if he did know I was awake, papa?"

Mr. Trescott went to the head of the stairs and called to his son. "Your sister wants to say good-night to you."

After a minute's pause, Alfred, muttering something, which perhaps it was as well that the pipe between his teeth rendered unintelligible, came slowly up the stairs.

"Well, young 'un," he said, bending over his sister, "what's the latest intelligence? How are the breakages progressing?"

"Oh, my bone's coming all mended, Alf. Mr. Brett said so," answered Corda, smiling up into his face. Then, as he stooped to kiss her, the strong odor of the tobacco made her turn her head away with a little choking cough.

"What the deuce is up now?" asked Alfred, dropping the hand she had put into his.

"I couldn't help coughing a little, Alf dear. You smell of smoke so."

"It's a way I have, child, when I've been smoking. That's not a very brilliant discovery of yours."

He spoke in a dry, sullen tone, and was turning to go, when his sister caught his sleeve and drew him to her.

"I know you can't help it, dear. And I don't mind it a bit generally. Not a bit," she added, with a quiet, old-fashioned air of experienced wisdom, "except when you do it too much for your health. Excess-si-sive" (Corda found the long word a little unmanageable, but surmounted the difficulty with dignity), "excessive smoking is very injurious indeed to young people, Mr. Brett says."

Alfred's ill-humor was not proof against the child's caressing touch, nor the earnest, loving look in the clear eyes she raised to his.

"Mr. Brett's an old woman," he replied, with a laugh. "You may tell him I say so. There, there! Never mind. Don't look shocked! As to you, you're an old woman too—the most respectably venerable party going—and I'll turn over your words of wisdom in my mind. Good-night, pussy-cat!"

"Thank you, Alf dear!" returned Corda. For pussy-cat was her brother's highest term of endearment. She listened to the retreating footsteps of her father and brother as they resounded on the uncarpeted stairs, and turned her head on her pillow to sleep, with a grateful smile on her face.

"The young 'un's getting on like a house a-fire," said Alfred, when he and his father were seated at their supper, and Mrs. Hutchins had retired to bed. "It won't be long now before she's all right again."

"I don't know," returned his father. "I don't know. She's delicate, and will need care for a long time to come. Still, she is much better, certainly."

"It's been a jolly expensive game this," remarked Alfred. "I hope she don't mean to get run over often."

"Good God, Alfred!" ejaculated Mr. Trescott. "Why do you talk in that way? I suppose you do, in your heart, care for your sister!"

"Care for her! You know I care for her. She's a first-rate little article is poor pussy-cat. All the same, I take the liberty of repeating that this accident has been a jolly expensive game."

"Mr. Charlewood has made himself responsible for the doctor's bill," said Trescott, contemplating the dirty table-cloth, and crumbling a piece of bread in his fingers.

"Damn Mr. Charlewood!" said Alfred, fiercely. "What the devil should we take his charity for? A purse-proud upstart! I'm sick of Mr. Charlewood!"

"Charity! Who spoke of charity? He says he considers himself responsible, and so do I. If any serious injury had happened to Corda, I'd have made him smart for it."

"Bosh!" responded the son, briefly.

"What I say may or may not be bosh; but I'll tell you what *is* bosh, and that is your giving yourself airs to Charlewood whenever you come across him. I know as well as you do that he's like all these Hammerham people; that he thinks money is the be-all and the end-all of creation; and that he has no more notion of the respect due to art and artists than one of his father's navvies. But he has been kind—yes, he *has* been kind—to Corda, and why quarrel with him?"

"*I* don't want to quarrel with him," said the young man, rising and taking up a tin candlestick wherein about an inch of attenuated tallow-candle was embedded in a thick roll of newspaper. "I don't want to, and I don't mean to quarrel with him, if he keeps a civil tongue in his head. But let him beware of such impertinent nonsense as inquiring if I'm industrious—faugh!—and if I mean to follow music as a profession, and if I wouldn't like some regular employment. He shall not come the high and mighty over me, a confounded hodman!"

Forgetful or unmindful of Mrs. Hutchins's caution, Alfred Trescott tramped noisily up to his bedchamber at the top of the house, where the deep snores of Mr. Hutchins in the adjoining room would have sufficed to assure him (had he felt any anxiety on the subject) that his landlord was enjoying that repose which awaits the just man, especially after twelve hours' hard work.

Mr. Trescott sat for nearly an hour brooding by himself in the dreary kitchen. He did not utter his cogitations aloud; but the latter portion of them, put into words, might have run somewhat after this fashion: "I can not think who it is that young girl reminds me of. Her face was familiar to me when I first saw her in the carriage; and to-day, when she saw me in the street, and stopped me to ask how Corda was, I could not get rid of the impression that I had known her long ago. Well, it don't much matter. It's pretty clear I never *have* seen her. As to long ago, why, she wasn't born long ago."

And then Mr. Trescott also betook himself to his rest, and Number Twenty-three New Bridge Street, Hammerham, was wrapped in slumber.

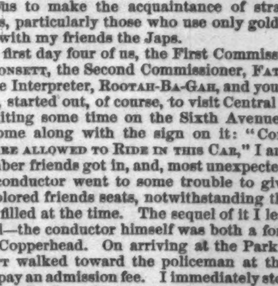
## WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR WEEKLY,—On the arrival of the Japanese Embassy at New York on their way to visit the Great American Tycoon at Washington, as you know, they stopped at the Metropolitan, where the NO-KAMIS and TOMMY, under the superintendence of Alderman BOOLE, stopped on a former occasion some years ago. This time, by the request of the Messrs. LELANDS, I was asked to accompany the illustrious visitors around the city, to act as their confidential friend and guide, to *visé* all their bills (except their hotel bills), and to keep them from the professional "confidentials," who are so anxious to make the acquaintance of strangers among us, particularly those who use only gold, as is the case with my friends the Japs.

On the first day four of us, the First Commissioner, UNG-ONIONSETT, the Second Commissioner, FAT-TOM-MATO, the Interpreter, ROOTAH-BA-GAH, and your own C. O. W., started out, of course, to visit Central Park. After waiting some time on the Sixth Avenue for a car to come along with the sign on it: "COLORED PEOPLE ARE ALLOWED TO RIDE IN THIS CAR," I and my burnt-umber friends got in, and, most unexpectedly to me, the conductor went to some trouble to give my copper-colored friends seats, notwithstanding the car was well filled at the time. The sequel of it I learned afterward—the conductor himself was both a foreigner and a Copperhead. On arriving at the Park UNG-ONIONSETT walked toward the policeman at the entrance to pay an admission fee. I immediately stopped him, telling him I would settle that for the whole party and they could pay me. I made the same arrangements for the crossing of the bridges in the Park. Walking down the Mall ROOTAH-BA-GAH asked me if there was a praying-machine down the steps, where he saw a number going down after ham sandwiches and porter. I explained away the devotion of the people to their manufactured appetites; but I had the greatest difficulty in keeping the whole company from falling down before a little rustic seat in the Ramble, in which was sitting a young man in an odd position eying some ladies through an opera-glass, they mistaking it for a sacred shrine with its idol,



THE PRESIDING DIVINITY

of the place. I assured them it was an idle image, that New York abounded with them, but nobody worshiped them but silly girls. After walking around we turned our steps outward. Near the entrance were some vehicles

GOING DOWN FIFTH AVENUE,

at the sight of which FAT-TOM-MATO asked if they were drovers taking their cattle to the slaughter-house, as he could see no other use for such teams.

On our return to the hotel we found that some of the embassy had been to an auction store down Broadway and had purchased some half a dozen gold watches apiece, and SUM-PUNK-KIN, the Treasurer, had bought a bottle of Spalding's Liquid Glue, which he supposed was to dress the hair with, and with that belief he saturated his pig-tail to its utmost capacity. But on retiring to rest for the night it was found that the supposed hair-oil had "set," as the cabinet-makers say, and SUM-PUNK-KIN could neither set nor lay in any comfortable posture; and going to sleep in a position like this was

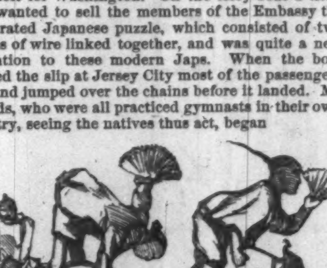
THE BEST HE COULD DO,

for the glue was good, and, like the American Tycoon, would stick to its point, and refuse to bend even to the heads of Japan.

The next day we bid the proprietors of the hotel

FAREWELL,

and left for Washington. On the ferry-boat a little boy wanted to sell the members of the Embassy the celebrated Japanese puzzle, which consisted of two pieces of wire linked together, and was quite a new invention to these modern Japs. When the boat neared the slip at Jersey City most of the passengers ran and jumped over the chains before it landed. My friends, who were all practiced gymnasts in their own country, seeing the natives thus act, began



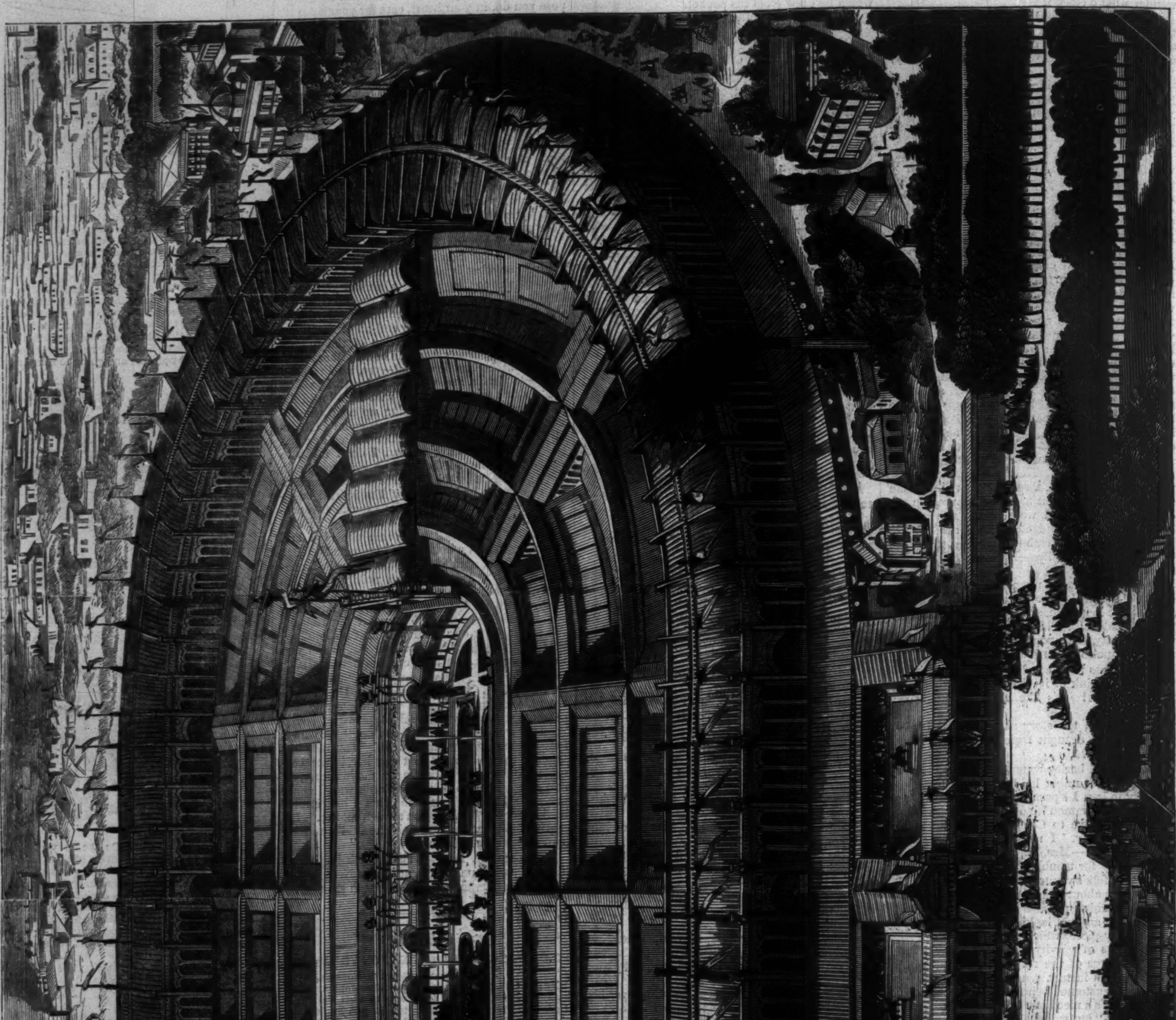
LEAVING THE BOAT

in this style, as showing greater proficiency in acrobatic attainments than that practiced by the majority of the passengers. I explained to them afterward that the hurry in getting off the boat was not to show their gymnastic abilities, but merely a custom, originating in the fact that most of those who practiced this speedy way of doing were hungry artisans and storekeepers on their way home to supper. Now and then one was drowned, or had his head mashed, but as a general thing the jumping was done with safety. FAT-TOM-MATO thought a spring-board on the end of the boat would be an improvement, as the experienced traveler could then leave the boat with a double somersault.

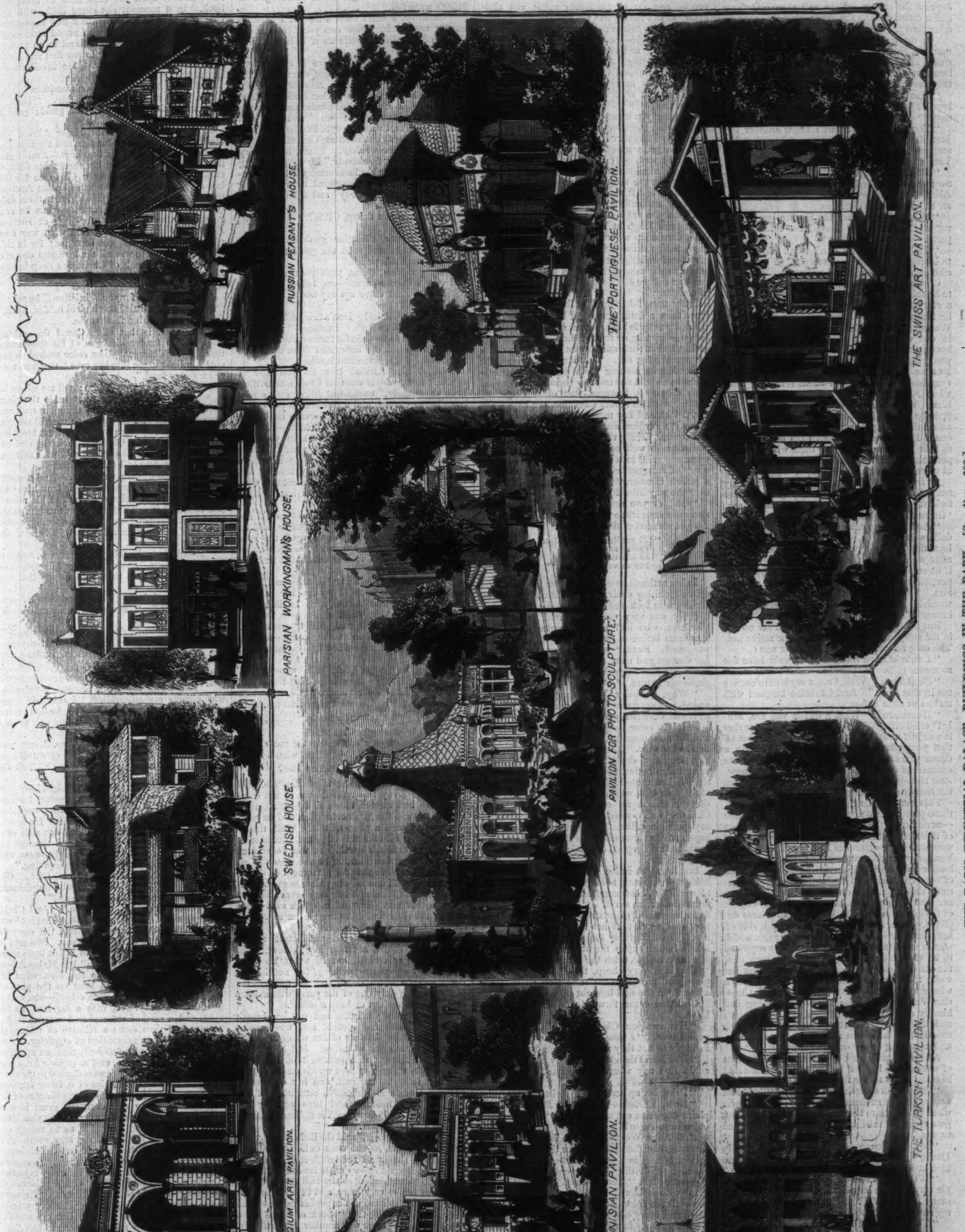
After we were seated in the cars the various small peddlers began coming through. The "Maple-Candy Man" brought his box and handed it around, when each of my charge took a piece of candy and put it in his mouth; but when the candy man signified to ROOTAH-BA-GAH that he wanted money, it was with the greatest difficulty that I prevented the whole Royal Embassy from performing the hari-kari on the spot—ripping themselves up in a first-class car in first-class style, so mortified were they at eating the man's sample pieces of candy. I magnanimously paid the whole bill, forty-five cents, and thus saved nine valuable Japanese lives, and by doing so the object of their visit to our shores yet remains a secret; and from their indisposition to speak of their business it is shrewdly suspected that nothing but a hari-kari will reveal what is locked up in their own bosoms. Along the whole route the illustrious visitors were delighted with the sandwiches, vegetable ivory toys, and illustrated jokers that were thrown into their laps; and of the pictorial specimens of American literature UNG-ONIONSETT bought a copy of every thing that contained a likeness of the Great American Tycoon in any shape. It was not long before the whole Embassy got sound asleep. At Philadelphia the Mayor read his speech to them while the locomotive was taking in water; but I did not waken them for the occasion; and we were soon in Washington. I then wakened them up, and took them to their hotel to finish their nap before being presented to the Tycoon of the White House and to Mr. SEWARD, who is also a "coon," whom, to be seen at an advantage, one must be wide awake.

Of our interview with the notables here I must speak in another paper. SUM-PUNK-KIN'S queue is not yet softened, neither is his wrath toward Mr. SPALDING the inventor of the Liquid Glue; but it is hoped that time will mellow both, as well as

Your own C. O. W.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE PARIS INDUSTRIAL PALACE.—[SEE PAGE 302.]




THE PARIS INDUSTRIAL PALACE—BUILDINGS IN THE PARK.—[SEE PAGE 302.]

## CHRISTINE.

IT was certainly one of the most disagreeable days of the season. Rain and sleet and snow and a dense driving fog vied with each other for ascendency.

The three girls sitting together in Mrs. Weymouth's room in Mrs. Haig's boarding-house would lift their crimped and curled and banded heads every five minutes or so to proclaim that they never saw such weather.

"Was there ever any thing like it? Isn't it horrid?" asked Alice Weymouth, by way of variety.

"Yes, very horrid; but I know another day just like it. Don't you remember that last matinée on Saturday, Alice?" said Christine Vanderlyn.

"Sure enough, Chris. And don't you remember the little libretto boy?" Whereupon Alice Weymouth went off in a gust of gay laughter at her own recollections.

"What was it about the libretto boy? Tell us, Al!" cried Milly Davis, the third of the party.

"Tell *us!* Well, I don't think Chris needs to be told. Ask Chris to tell *you*. I believe he addressed his remarks to her."

Christine laughed. "Well, there isn't much to be told, Milly," she said. "It isn't much of a story. It was funny to us; perhaps it won't be funny to you. It was the way we took it. We went down to the music-hall that afternoon in our water-proofs, you must know, and the hoods over our bonnets. Underneath I had a pretty little fanchon and a very presentable sack. But we stopped in the vestibule, enveloped in our cloaks, and were just about removing them when Alice spied a libretto boy and beckoned him. While she was buying the libretto I happened to think we had no opera-glass, and so asked the youngster where we should go to hire one. He looked at us both from head to foot, as if he were measuring us; then, with the most patronizing air, he answered, nodding his head at us confidentially:

"'In the lobby, mum; and ye'll have to pay ten dollars security,' with another glance at our forlorn old water-proofs, as much as to say, 'Guess that's beyond *your* means.'

"And it was; Alice and I didn't have three dollars between us. But we weren't such forlorn things as our water-proofs indicated; and after we had shed them we concluded the boy, if he could have seen us, would have supposed it possible that we might have been worth ten dollars. Think, Milly, of not looking ten dollars' worth!" And Christine laughed again as the humor of the whole thing struck her.

But Milly didn't laugh. She could see no fun in the story, as Christine thought she might not. The only remark it evoked from her was:

"I should have thought you would have felt so mean, girls. *I* should have felt humiliated."

"Should you? Well, I must say it didn't strike me in that light." And Christine laughed with more zest than before.

"Humiliated! What a dunce you are, Milly!" cried Alice Weymouth. "Can't you see that it was just as funny as it could be. The idea of that youngster's—why he wasn't more than a dozen years old—taking such a shrewd outside estimate of us. We *did* look forlorn, you know. And then—but it's of no use; you never did see the humor of any thing."

This was very true. Milly Davis was one of those persons who never see such humor as this—never see the fun of any thing. She was one of those countless people whose *amour propre* is wounded by occurrences like these. Christine Vanderlyn, on the contrary, had so keen a sense of humor that she could see the ludicrous side, even of her own defeats and discomforts, and she sometimes dramatized her own woes in so arch a manner that many persons half suspected her of lack of feeling. And this little scene that I have depicted gives a true indication of her, this side of her character—this gay and humorous side which was so often misunderstood, or at least supposed to be the whole of her. But underneath this, far out of sight to those who did not know her well, there was another Christine Vanderlyn whose story I propose to tell. Another Christine Vanderlyn, whose heart was aching and hungry and sorrowful, mourning over the past and the present and the possible future, which she thought had been marred by this very misunderstanding of her double nature.

As Milly Davis went up to her room for a knot of worsted she had left behind her, Christine said in a low voice to her friend Alice:

"Ah, I wish sometimes I was like Milly! She never gets into such scrapes as I do; never laughs when she ought to be sentimental or serious, and gets generally mistaken, and blamed, and called names."

"My conscience don't wish to be like Milly Davis, Christine. She never can hold but one idea at a time, and that's a mighty limited one."

"Well, I don't know but your one-idea people turn out the happiest. I believe I have too many ideas. If I had had but one idea perhaps my story might have been a different one, Alice."

"Yes, if you had been Polly Jones your story would have been Polly Jones's story, that's the only conclusion. If you had been somebody else, of course your story would have been different. But as it is, you are Christine Vanderlyn, and as for your story I don't consider that all told by any means yet."

"One chapter is finished at any rate, Al."

"Nonsense, Chris, the chapter is only begun. Why, there never was any thing more palpably *un*finished. Nothing ever ends like that—in silence and mystery."

"Hush, there comes Milly."

And when Milly entered Christine was gayly humming the jewel song of Marguerite's in Faust.

"That recalls the matinée," said Alice. "What a good time we had that afternoon, though we did make guys of ourselves with those water-proofs, and sat in the family circle, and altogether didn't look worth ten dollars!"

"You *didn't* sit in the family circle!" cried the little aristocratic—no, the snobbish—Milly.

"We *did;* and better people than we are sat there, Miss Milly," Alice retorted, spiritedly.

"Well, you and Christine are the queerest girls! Now I never have a good time unless I go in as good style as any body, and have as good a seat."

"By that you mean the costliest, Milly," broke in Christine, stopping her jewel song. "That's *your* way, Milly; and you are not very singular in it. A great many persons here in America have that way. The costliest but not always the most comfortable, take it all round. The seat may be the most fashionable and the most expensive, but it may pinch the purse so, you are very uncomfortable in another direction; and then you are a slave to follow such a lead. Foreigners laugh at us for this. They say we don't dare do as we would like to do—as is most convenient for us—because our richer neighbor may possibly laugh at us. Alice and I couldn't afford to pay two dollars for a seat, so we paid our one dollar, and found ourselves in the best of company."

Milly tossed her head a little; but she was more than a little impressed by Christine's unwonted gravity in handling her subject; for Christine was usually so fond of her joke, so funnily satirical, that such auditors as Milly Davis could never make her out. Consequently, though she succeeded in making them some way uncomfortable, she did not impress them with her truth. This afternoon, however, that other Christine, that earnest and tender Christine, she kept shyly under lock and key most of the time, had crept up to the surface, and tempered her tones and her words. Milly thought she had never liked Christine so well as this afternoon. Specially when she sang in a soft, low voice those lovely songs of Marguerite's, and went into raptures in a girlish manner, Milly could quite understand over the way Miss Kellogg did it.

"Oh! *do* you remember, Alice, how exquisitely she sang there with Mazzoleni in the duo? *Do* you remember that

> "'Ti voglio amar idolatrer
> Parlar ancora!
> Io tua sarò si t'adoro
> Per te vogl'io morir!'"

In her enthusiasm of recollection Christine had arisen from her chair and dramatically rendered the scene in look and gesture as she sang.

Milly was very much surprised to find that Christine, who had always laughed a little at sentiment before in her presence, could be so impassioned. But for once Christine was revealing her deepest and most earnest self before her, because she was forgetful for the time of Milly's shallower nature.

"Why, Christine!" exclaimed Milly, as she ended, you sang that last 'Per te vogl'io morir!' as if you were really dying for somebody!"

A bright color sprang into Christine's cheek, and for a moment there was a gleam of conviction in her eyes. Then it all faded, and the old, gay, laughing, deriding Christine, whom Milly knew much better, had come back. And while she laughed there in this fashion there was a ring at the door-bell, which perked their girl-ears into silent attention for some possible caller, only Christine was careless. She had no interest in any possible caller. That had gone by—that hope and that interest, with the dead year, and one who had dropped out of her life as utterly as the year itself.

But it was no caller. "Only a little girl with holders—flat-iron holders, or to take off the blower, Miss," communicated Katrine, the good-natured German maid. "A little spec of a girl; and she seemed so anxious to sell, and was so poor-looking, I told her I'd ask the ladies for her." And Katrine looked round quite anxiously herself upon the three girls, remembering her protégée, with the anxious face outside. "They are very cheap, too—only ten cents a piece, and nicely made;" and Katrine held out a specimen she had brought up with her.

Christine came forward and took it in her hand.

"How *can* you, Chris!" cried Milly, in a disgusted tone. "*I* wouldn't touch the things—just as likely as not they are full of small-pox."

"Oh, Miss, the child is as tidy a child as you could find any wheres," protested the servant-girl.

"Bring her up here," said Christine, suddenly.

"Now, Christine—" began Milly. Which plaint Christine cut short with: "Have you any objections, Alice?"

And Alice Weymouth, who had faced worse diseases than the small-pox in that ten months' service of hers in a Baltimore hospital, answered readily, "Not the slightest objection." So up she came, this "spec of a girl" with her basket filled with holders. Red, blue, green, and yellow—all the colors of the rainbow, in patch and piece and every odd bit one sees in a scrap-bag, were displayed in that basket. And the owner thereof was, as Katrine had said, "as tidy a child as you could find any wheres."

"Ten cents apiece did you say? Well, I'm sure that's cheap enough," said Christine, taking up first one and then another, to Milly's evident disgust. "And did your mother make them?" Christine went on; and hearing a little hoarse affirmative, she dropped the holders to pounce upon the small blue hand; and declaring it was like a lump of ice, to lead the rest of the small, blue bit of humanity to the great blazing fire in the grate.

"There, my dear, you just thaw out those icicles in your throat, and I'll sell your holders for you. Here, Milly, here is one for you—pink and blue, your favorite combin . . ." And before Milly could protest whiff went the pink and blue combination through the air and lodged on Milly's waterfall.

"Christine, I don't want a holder, I have no earthly use for it. How *can* you?" and Milly shook off the little article as if it had been a reptile.

"No use for it? Well, give it away then. Buy it for Katrine. But *I* want one for myself. I'm not so grand as you are, Miss Milly. I do up all my laces and nice pocket handkerchiefs, and so does Alice; so Alice wants one. There's three already, and now if—oh!" and with this exclamation, and with her eyes fixed upon something or somebody on the street, Christine jumped up and ran to the window. There, it was very evident it was a "Somebody," for with a smiling face she was giving her head sundry little beckoning nods, which were answered by a returning nod from this "Somebody" and a laughing lift of a masculine hat.

"What are you doing, Chris? Who is it?" asked Alice.

"Wait and see. Katrine, go down and open the door please, and send the gentleman up to Mrs. Weymouth's parlor."

"My goodness, Chris, push that table back, and pick up those papers—do, before any body comes in. And there are my boots, and those hair-pins!"

"Oh, fiddle-sticks! Don't fuss, Alice! The room looks well enough. Besides—"

But there was no time for further words. Katrine had opened the door, and there stood the "Somebody" Christine had invoked.

"Oh, Major Alison! how do you do? I couldn't think who it was that Chris was inviting in so vehemently," exclaimed Alice, with a new color in her cheeks, and a welcome in her eyes.

"Dick, I invited you in to increase the list of my customers. I am selling holders—flat-iron holders, grate-blower holders. I know you need one, perhaps two. I dare say you burn all your newspapers up handling your office stove." And Christine, with a funny air of gravity, brought forward the little basket with its parti-colored contents, and set it before Major Alison that he might make his choice.

The gentleman laughed. He was an old acquaintance, an old friend of Christine's, and he knew her ways. Sitting down upon the sofa with the basket between them, he entered into a gay discussion of the various colors and textures of the holders.

"Oh no, don't take that pink-and-blue, Dick. Milly has chosen that. They are her colors," cried Christine, mischievously, as he lifted the pink and blue combination.

"Christine!" exclaimed Milly, warningly. But Christine was off in another strain—a light, mocking strain, that drowned Milly's attempt at denial.

"There, buy this, Dick," she was urging, "and this, and this—nice dark colors that won't show dirt. Alice looked across at Christine and remembered the impassioned voice that had sung

> "Per te vogl'io morir!"

Could this be the same Christine?

"No, none of your dirt-colors for me, Christine," said Major Alison. "Here, what's this?

> 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.'

Here we have the M'Pherson plaid. The real article too. Why this reminds me of the Captain. He had Scotch blood in his veins, and, by Jove! it was the M'Pherson line, and he used to wear just such a plaid as this. Well, this is rather jolly. I'll take this one sure, Christine."

Christine couldn't speak. It was so seldom she heard even this allusion to one who was so involved in her life that for a moment or so she was spell-bound, and all her pulses seemed beating an audible tune, and her very breath seemed dying within her. But Alice, quick as a flash, took in the situation, and covered her unwonted stillness with a voluble chatter.

Major Alison, keen-eyed and intuitive, *felt* that he had struck a minor key somewhere in Christine's gay chords, but he made no sign. Only Milly Davis saw nothing, felt nothing, so there was no harm done, and no danger, for Milly was the only one of the party who neither knew how to respect or keep a secret.

And presently Christine had got her breath back again, and her speech, and was recommending one and another of her wares in apparently the same spirit as before. But Major Alison couldn't forget that sudden minor note he had struck, though he kept up his external gayety, and followed her suit, and her desires, by becoming quite an extensive purchaser of the parti-colored holders, and thus sending the "speck of a girl" away with a lighter basket as well as a lighter heart.

"Thank you, miss," said the little hoarse voice in grateful tones as she went out. And Christine patted the small red hand, and smiled out of her sad heart a cheery smile into the upturned face, and remembered in the hall that her own hand was not so very large, and that the mittens she happened to have in her pocket might not be very far from fitting this "speck of a girl." So it happened that there was another "Thank you" from the hoarse little voice, and somehow Christine went back into the parlor after it with a softer sense of her pain.

There she heard Milly just saying, "I believe Christine is really fond of that low class."

"Yes, I am. I appreciate low society better than high," Christine remarked, demurely; and then she sparkled away again, a little frothy foam of talk about the kind of people she liked, until Major Alison wondered if he hadn't been fanciful a little while ago, when he thought he had struck a minor note. And thinking thus he rose to go. Christine followed him out with a request: Would he take a book back to the library for her? and would he please just step into their parlor while she brought it? He went across into the parlor, while Christine ran up to her bedroom upon the next floor to bring the book. In a moment she came back, with the volume in her hand, and with a new expression on her face—an expression of proud resolution. She came straight up to him, and in an instant he knew she had something to say that was hard, very hard, for her to say. He involuntarily helped her by asking,

"What is it, Christine? don't hesitate."

She drew in her breath quickly. "Dick, I want the little holder of Scotch plaid; give it me, please."

A great light broke over Major Alison. It couldn't help shining in his face and through the eyes with which he looked into hers. And Christine, meeting it, saw that her secret was discovered to him. He had known Christine for the last six years. He had known Captain Anstruther for twice six years. He had seen them daily together for the long summer when he and Anstruther were on sick-furlough at Bretton Beach, and had never suspected what was now revealed to him in this one sentence; for in this one sentence there was all the love and despair, the bitter heart-break of Christine's deep impassioned nature. His sympathy was wonderfully stirred.

"What can I do for you, Christine?" he asked.

"Give me the little Scotch plaid holder, Dick," she answered, with a faint smile.

"Yes; but is that all? Can I do nothing else?" The tender kindness of his tone broke through her defenses. The color rushed to her cheek, a light came into her eyes "that was never on sea or land."

"Yes, give me news of him; tell me where he is, what he is doing, and what he is thinking. Tell him, too, I was never any thing but true and earnest! Tell him to end this dreadful silence, to write to me, to come to me, for I am breaking my heart for him! Oh Dick! Dick!" and her voice ended in a little gasping cry, with this impotent, despairing call upon his name.

Dick Alison was a good fellow. And that this proud, reserved Christine could so trust him with such unwonted impulse was proof of his mental and moral fibre. As she cried out to him at the last he laid his hand over hers in a tender, pitiful way, as if he would show her how gladly he would serve her if he could.

"I wish I could tell you what you want to know, Christine," he said. "But I lost sight of Anstruther when we went to Europe; that was a year ago."

"Yes, yes, I know;" and Christine shivered at this "year." There was a moment's pause; then:

"Dick, you knew Captain Anstruther well."

"Well? Yes, I had known him for years; but Anstruther was a very reserved fellow, and he was some years my senior."

"You liked him?"

"'Liked him' is a weak phrase. Anstruther was always my admiration. I think in some sort I loved Anstruther, Christine, he had such a charm for me. Most men felt this way toward him."

Christine's face glowed. "Yes, I can well believe that. But, Dick, did you ever think he was hard, or hasty, or unforgiving? Tell me truly."

"I never did, Christine. He might have possessed these qualities; but I was never brought into any relation with him where they were discovered to me. But let me say this: He had so strong a nature in all ways that I can well conceive that if his will became fixed through his opinions that, for the time, he might seem, and actually *be*, hard, or hasty, or unforgiving."

"He has been all these to me, Dick. Oh, Dick, Dick, it's all so strange and unexplained; and I loved him so, I loved him so!"

"Tell me about it, Christine." And Christine, moved more and more by that kind interest, that gentle sympathetic tone, told the story of that summer. It was a brief story. She said in relation to the first chapter of it but little more than "we loved each other;" but Major Alison felt what depth had been in this love, what life and reality and vigor, at least on the part of Christine. "We loved each other"—she said it in a low hushed voice, with a far look in her eyes, and a sort of remembered rapture on her face. And then came a relation of misunderstandings, and an accusation of coquetry. And then an account of a reconciliation, an apparent renewal of confidence, and a parting kind and tender, whose fond hopes were dashed to the earth in a few days by the receipt of a letter containing such grave and yet mysterious charges of deceit and treachery that even the great love of Christine could not so far overlook, in that bitter hour, the wound to her pride as to return one word of denial. But the "long, long weary days" of a twelvemonth had burned out the bitterness and left only the love. A love ready to extenuate, to overlook, to apologize for every injustice.

"I am sure that he had his mind poisoned by another," she said to Major Alison. "He never quite understood my gay way with every body, and I don't doubt but some foolish nonsense of mine was somehow misrepresented to him."

"I dare say, Christine; and I wish I could set it all right for you. And I will, if ever I have the opportunity. Trust me for that," Alison answered, earnestly.

Christine did not realize how much was meant by this assurance. She did not imagine that Dick Alison would seek this opportunity with untiring activity. But such was his intention when he listened to her story; and that he carried this intention out to the extent of his power any one need not be told who knew Major Alison. It was very quiet action. Christine never knew that to the repeated letters of inquiry, containing that invariable query, "Where's Anstruther now?" there never come any satisfactory

answer. Letters to Dick's numerous friends—North, South, East, and West, and away across the Atlantic to the Indies and to the Greek Isles—to crowded London, and to Paris. And yet not one returning letter brought news of Captain Anstruther. Why should they? for while Major Alison sought North, South, East, and West, where do you suppose Captain Anstruther was?—where people always are when you look in far places for them. And that was so near that the wonder was they did not meet every day of their lives. But there is a fate in these things; and our own great metropolis can sometimes hide people from each other in the most singular manner. It was not destined that Major Alison should bring these two together. While he planned and sought, the threads of their lives were held in a hand they little thought of. A small hand Christine Vanderlyn had once taken pityingly in hers, and sent away protected from further frosts by her charity. Christine perhaps forgot the object of this charity in a week's time. But not so soon was she forgotten herself. Never any day went by that the child did not think of that gay, laughing lady as she drew on the pretty white mittens that had been given to her. At the wrists of these mittens there was knitted in a blue thread forming the initials C. V. The little wearer remembered the often-called Christine, but she wondered many a time over that V. You see the circumstance was an event in this poor starved young life. It was a whole romance to speculate about and dream over. They were magic mittens to Janey Wilson; for at sight of them there came trooping before her a beautiful bright room, gay faces, and soft voices, and altogether a scene that was like fairy-land to her poverty-stricken eyes. But one day Janey met with a great misfortune, she thought. She had lost one of these mittens. It was a sunny day in March, the air so warm that the little fingers were not pinched into remembrance of a covering.

"Perhaps you left it somewhere," her mother said, comfortingly, to Janey's bewailing.

Then Janey began to count over where she had been; and she was sure that she had entered no door but one, and that was the gentleman's at No. 10. This was a gentleman for whom her mother washed. He lived in a great boarding-house on the next street, and Janey only knew him as the gentleman at No. 10.

Straightway then she sped back for her lost treasure.

The door of No. 10 was standing open, and Janey paused shyly on the threshold. What did she see? A man in the prime of his days, with a haughty, handsome face, and an abstracted air, humming in a fine baritone voice an old Scottish melody, while he sorted and filed a desk of papers. It was a difficult presence to break in upon uninvited, as older persons than Janey might have testified. But suddenly he became aware of her somehow and raised his head. As his eyes rested upon the shy hesitating figure he smiled. There was never a kinder smile than this. It dispelled all the hauteur at once, and invited entrance and confidence. Such persons rarely smile often. They have that facial control which may convey friendliness by an expression of serious tranquillity, without breaking on every occasion into a smile. They are always persons of powerful natures, and resolute, decisive wills. Their seldom smiles, then, have a peculiar charm. Janey did not stop to analyze this one; she only obeyed it, smiling in return, and going fearlessly forward.

"Did I leave my mitten here, Sir?" she asked.

"I really don't know, my little girl. There are the clothes as you left them. Look over them and see for yourself." And then the voice went on mechanically back to its old Scottish melody, and the eyes and the hands to their work. He was recalled again to his little guest by a small sigh. Janey had failed to discover her mitten.

"What—can't you find it?" he inquired, in kind tones. "Well, never mind; go buy some new ones with this." And he held out to her the price of two pairs of mittens, in his masculine ignorance. "Well, what is it? Isn't that enough?" he went on, as Janey hesitated.

"Oh yes, Sir; but—but I want my mitten the lady gave me."

"Oh, that's it. But as you don't seem to find that, hadn't you better take this and buy another pair?"

"And if *you* find it, Sir, after I'm gone, will you keep it for me?" Janey asked, with sudden eager thought.

The seldom smile broke into an amused laugh as he assured her that he would.

"It had two letters on it in blue—C. V.," communicated Janey as she turned to the door.

He looked up quickly. "C. V.—are those the letters of your name, child?"

Janey started at the sharp tone of inquiry.

"No, Sir; they were the lady's."

"What lady's? What was her name?"

There was that in his voice which the child did not understand. She thought it was sternness, displeasure, when it was only intense earnestness. And, frightened, she forgot the "Christine," and stammered out:

"I don't know, Sir."

A shade passed over the gentleman's face. "Tell me, then, how she looked. Was she light or dark? Had she hair like yours or like mine?" he questioned.

"Like mine, Sir." Janey's hair was a reddish brown; the gentleman's was nearly, if not quite, black. "And she was not very big, Sir; her mittens just fitted me."

"Well?" The softer tone of this syllable encouraged Janey to go on.

"And she had blue eyes, and was pale; and—"

"Pale?"

"Yes, Sir; like mother is, with a little red spot coming into her cheeks when she talked."

The shade deepened on the gentleman's face.

"Do you see her often?"

"Oh no, Sir; never but the once." And then Janey told the story of the holders. She was only eight years old, this little girl; but she had in her way a fluent tongue, and really described that morning with more pith and accuracy than many an older person. Her listener's gravity relaxed as she spoke, and a soft glimmer of a smile crept round his lips; and into his eyes a tender light shone, as if memory had lit her smouldering fires anew. Long after Janey had left him he sat there with this look in his eyes. Then he rose up, shaking his great shoulders impatiently. "I'm the veriest fool alive!" he said to himself. "I am feeding a dream that will never be more than a dream, and out of the shallowest material. C. V. There are, no doubt, a hundred names whose initials are like these. And if it were she—what then? I gave her up deliberately a year ago. If she deceived me and was false to me then, she is no less so to-day." But as he said this, as he allowed his will to bend even to this thought of her, a suggestion of a possibility of doubt crossed his mind. What if he had been too hasty, too hard? Somebody has written: "Invisible truth is stronger than indisputable appearances." Perhaps this invisible truth was now forcing its way to his recognition. Perhaps, as in Christine's case, the bitterness had burned out in a measure. At all events his mind could not dismiss the images this child had called up. And further than this, it led him on to follow a more active impulse—an impulse which he pronounced upon at the same time, out of his severe self-judgment, as a weakness. This was nothing less than wending his footsteps that very day past that corner-house Janey had described to him as where her lady lived. But not that day, nor the next, nor for many days, would he see Janey's lady issuing from that door. Up stairs in a south room, where the sunshine came, Janey's lady was lying ill. A cold, and then a cough, and then a wearing weakness which sent those red spots Janey had spoken of into the thin cheeks, had brought the gay little lady to a sorry pass. But she had not ceased to be a gay little lady for all this. There in the sunny south room she lay upon her couch and made merry with Alice Weymouth and Milly Davis and Dick Alison. One day, out of this merriment, she suddenly spoke sadly and softly to Alice, who knew her pitiful story.

"Alice, do you suppose I must die without seeing him?"

"Oh, Christine!" was all that Alice could answer. Then at another time she said:

"Alice, I shall see him—I shall see him. I feel it!" After this she seemed to rally, and as the milder days came she went out again. But all the time she appeared to be waiting for something. Was it a clairvoyant sense that possessed her? What else could it have been that one morning sent her out when fever was wasting her, when a sleepless night had left her feebler than usual?

"I wouldn't go this morning, Christine," her mother urged.

"I am so restless, mother, I can't stay in, I don't know what ails me; but when I lie down and try to rest my pulses beat like mad. It will do me less harm to go out than to stay in with this feeling."

So she went out. It was a soft, serene day. The sky was veiled with a golden mist, and the sun shone hazily through this veil. Christine sighed as she looked up at the beautiful sky, as she heard the birds twittering in the squares. "Life is at its fullness of youth with them, and with me—only I have lost what they are finding," she said to herself. And with this thought for company she sauntered slowly down the quiet street. Very slowly it was, for Christine's strength was at a low ebb. Down the street and through a little park, where she stopped to watch the play of a group of children.

"Fling it higher, Jimmy—fling it higher!" cried out one of the group to his fellow, as he caught the ball they were tossing. Jimmy flung it higher, and it lodged at Christine's feet. She laughed and flung it back to them, and back it came again, and this time beyond her. But it did not fall to the ground; a stronger hand received it, and sent it whirring through the air with a will. Christine had not heeded the passing footsteps, had not seen the owner of this stronger hand, for she stood facing the green, her back to the path. She had seen and heard nothing until a deep-toned voice called out, "Aim higher, boys, and don't hit the lady!"

She turned like one in a dream. *Was* it all a dream, or had she met him face to face as she had prayed and prayed she might every night and every day for a twelvemonth?

"Ralph! Ralph!" she cried, eagerly.

It must have been a harder man than Ralph Anstruther to have answered otherwise than warmly to that call.

"Christine!" Only her name, but there was a warmth to his voice and in the involuntary movement that took her two outstretched hands in both of his. He never thought of judging or condemning then. I think in that moment he had forgotten that he had disbelieved her. The invisible truth was making itself triumphant. The suddenness of this meeting—the great surprise made them both natural, and thus they stood for the time confessed to each other.

Christine was the first to speak again. It wasn't much she said—a half-inarticulate question in a weary, wistful voice. Captain Anstruther's face changed as he heard her, as he looked at her.

"Christine, you are ill—you ought not to be here. Come, let me take you home;" and the next moment he had drawn her hand over his arm.

And in that walk there was little said but of Christine's health. It was so simple and serious a subject that it saved them both from any sense of awkwardness. But once home—alone together in that sunny south parlor—Christine could contain herself no longer:

"What is it, Ralph, what is it that has kept us apart—what *did* you mean by that dreadful letter?"

Captain Anstruther's face paled—the old shadow had come back.

"Christine, do you remember the night we parted?"

"Oh yes, yes, I have remembered little else in these long months," she answered, in a tearful, tender voice.

The man's cheek flushed, and his pulses quickened. He looked away from her a moment and then went on:

"Do you remember after we parted a conversation you had with Major Alison?"

"No, I do not now, I am sure." Her face was as open as the day as she answered this.

"I was an unintentional listener to part of that conversation. I had come back to find Alison. Somebody said he was in the drawing-room. I stepped in over the green-sward upon the piazza—there I heard you say:

"'I do not—I do not—I never loved him, Dick! If you only knew—if I could only tell you every thing, you would know what I meant?' As you said this your hands were clasped over Major Alison's, and you were leaning against his arm. I did not stop to hear, to see more. I thought I had heard—had seen enough. I thought I had heard enough to never hear any more! And that was why I sent that letter!"

"Oh, Ralph, Ralph! if you had stopped to hear more you would not have made this dreadful mistake! It was not you—oh, how could you think it was! It was not you of whom I spoke, but—but—Ralph, I never told you; but Chauncey Erle fancied he was in love with me once; and worse than that, he fancied a great deal more that he had no right to—that I had given him encouragement, that I had led him on, and all that. But I never had; it was all my gay, careless manner of laughing and jesting, that is so misunderstood one way and another. He was bright and pleasant, and fond of music, and so I sang with him, and laughed and talked with him without the slightest idea of how his mind was going until he told me. And then when I confessed to him how innocent, how ignorant I had been, and how I felt toward him, he was very unreasonable, very unkind. I should never have spoken of the matter to any one if he had not. But he went to Dick Alison and poured his weak one-sided story into his ears. Dick had known me for years—he had always been like a brother to me, and so he came to me with this. I was explaining how it was to him when you overheard me there; and when I said, 'If I could tell you every thing you would know what I meant,' it was of my love for you that I was thinking. You know you thought it best that we should not speak of our engagement until you came back. That was the 'every thing' that was in my mind. And if I seemed to treat Dick too—too much like a brother, you must remember that he was almost my brother once; for he was engaged to my sister Mary who died, and—"

"Christine, there is no need of any thing more. I see I have been a—"

"No, no!" She sprang forward with that quick motion of hers, and laid her hand over his lips. "No, no, Ralph! don't call yourself names. It was only natural that you should feel as you did, hearing what you did."

Again Captain Anstruther's cheek flushed, and his pulse quickened as he caught glimpse of this unexacting, generous love; and he marveled at himself now that his intuitions had not served him better a year ago.

He put the little hand away from his lips and took her in his arms.

"Christine, I've been a fool!"

"Oh no, no, Ralph!" And this time a seal was set upon his lips he did not care to put away.

Later he told her of the link that had led him to her—Janey's lost mitten—and of his daily walk through the little park and past the house she had described.

"She shall have the prettiest pair of mittens that I can knit for her, for she has been our good angel," said Christine, smiling; "and I mean this more seriously than I say it. I believe there is a meaning in every thing, and that this little child was not only sent to help us, but for us to help her; for see, Ralph, how singularly involved she is with us!" And Christine produced the bit of plaid she had so carefully treasured.

Captain Anstruther examined it curiously.

"It is like what you used to wear, Ralph."

"Yes, I know, Christine. It is not only like what I used to wear—it is the very plaid itself. It is an old scarf I gave to the child one night last winter. She wore it until there was little left of it, I suppose, and then the mother transforms the remnants into these holders. And so the web weaves a link for us at last, Christine."

"At last, Ralph. How little I thought that day I told Katrine to send the child up that her hand would lead me to you. I 'cast bread upon the waters' truly, and it has returned to me after many days."

"After many days," repeated Captain Anstruther, thinking of the year that had parted them.

But Christine thought only of the present now. The year of pain had gone by. Through dark ways she had been led to this light; but, flower-like, she turned only to the sunshine. Life was new and fresh again, and health and strength would spring up to greet it beneath the touch of the great enchanter, Happiness.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

### EASY LESSONS IN GEOGRAPHY.

We have several reasons for writing upon the earth, the principal one being the imperfect facilities afforded for getting upon any other planet to write. Nothing prevents our writing upon the sun or the moon except the difficulty of getting there.

It is estimated that about two-thirds of the surface of the globe is covered with water. Although millions of living creatures slake their thirst daily, the quantity of water has not been materially diminished for centuries past, at least not since the introduction of whisky-shops, which prove a great saving of water, and are therefore of immense benefit to navigation.

The greatest distance from the earth to the sun is 96,000,000 of miles, and the least distance something over 94,000,000 miles. A saving of 2,000,000 could be effected if a railroad should ever connect the two by taking the least distance. This would shorten the time consumed in running, and reduce the expense very materially.

The earth turns upon its axis, making one revolution every twenty-four hours, except in Mexico—there they have a revolution two or three times a day.

It ain't every fool of a planet that can get *around* the sun. The earth does it, however. She would get around most any thing.

The earth is not such a dismal place to live upon as many try to make it out. So far as our knowledge extends—and we probably know as much about it as any body—it is far preferable to any of her sister planets as a permanent residence. At least, we are satisfied with it, and intend to remain here as long as we are "on earth."

Setting Bonnets at Bachelors.—*Le Follet* enumerates among the trimmings for bonnets now in vogue "bachelors' buttons." Are these ornaments to be considered emblems of conquest achieved, or symbols of expected victory? Bachelors' buttons decorating the bonnets of spinsters may be thought, perhaps, to express, in the language of flowers, a desire to get married. When the wearers of bachelors' buttons in their bonnets shall have obtained the bachelors for whom they advertise by the exhibition of those tokens, may those whose buttons will have ceased to be bachelors' buttons ever find their buttons all right!

Marry young, and, if circumstances require it, often.

It is said of an eccentric lady of penurious habits that she was so affected by a charity sermon on a certain occasion as to borrow a dollar from her neighbor and put it into—her own pocket.

The winds blow so strong in some places in the West that they have to build a brick wall on each side of a fence to keep it from blowing down.

A cripple is always lame, but a native animal of Peru is a little Llama.

Not every one who goes about on wheels belongs to the Wheeler family.

"The greatest organ in the world," some wicked old bachelor says, "is the organ of speech in women, because it is an organ without stops."

A modest young lady, who was a passenger on board a packet ship, it is said, sprang out of her berth and jumped overboard on hearing the captain, during a storm, order the mate to haul down the sheets.

"Hans," said the Judge to a Dutchman who was a witness in the case of a stolen pig, "had the animal any ear-marks?" "Vel, de only ears-mark vat I see vas mit his tail cut off."

Douglas Jerrold calls woman's arms "the serpents that wind about a man's neck, killing his best resolution." The "oldest inhabitant" says he don't object to them kind o' serpents.

The last case of jealousy is that of a lady who discarded her lover, a sea captain, because he hugged the shore.

There is a man out West whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knees, consequently he pays nothing for his boots.

All Play and no Work.—What wonder the French "*Exposition de l'Industrie*" is so behindhand, when its Conductor is Monsieur Le Play?

When is a literary work like smoke?—When it comes in volumes.

A prosy lay member of the church rose in meeting and said: "My friends, the devil and I have been fighting for more than twenty minutes. He told me not to speak to-night; but I determined that I would. He said that some of the rest could speak better than I; but still I felt that I could not keep silent. He even whispered that I spoke too often, and that nobody wanted to hear me; but I was not to be put down that way; and now I have gained the victory I must tell you all that is in my heart." Then followed a tedious harangue.

Coming out of the session room the good pastor inclined his head so that his mouth approached the ear of the militant member, and whispered: "Brother, I think the devil was right!"

Spell the Grecian Archipelago in three letters! You can't? Why E. G. and C., of course.

The commonest bird in the world is a goose—he is so uncommon common on a common.

### CHARACTERISTIC MODES OF "POPPING THE QUESTION."

#### YANKEE.

Jonathan. "Sall, der yer love dough-nuts?"

Sall. "Yes, Jonathan; why?"

Jonathan. "Oh, nothin'; only just consider me one o' them dough-nuts."

#### WESTERN.

Loquacious Individual. "Hallo, old gal—see here! I've scaterlofistercated all over the equanimity of this 'ere country looking for just such a critter as you. What say—will yer hitch?"

Western Gal. "Oh shucks—I calkerlate; so let's git up and git."

#### IRISH.

Patrick. "Biddy, darlint, would yeez like a new house, a cow, a pig, and meself in the bargain?"

Bridget. "Och, Paddy, don't be tazing me! 'Tis the praste we're after wanting."

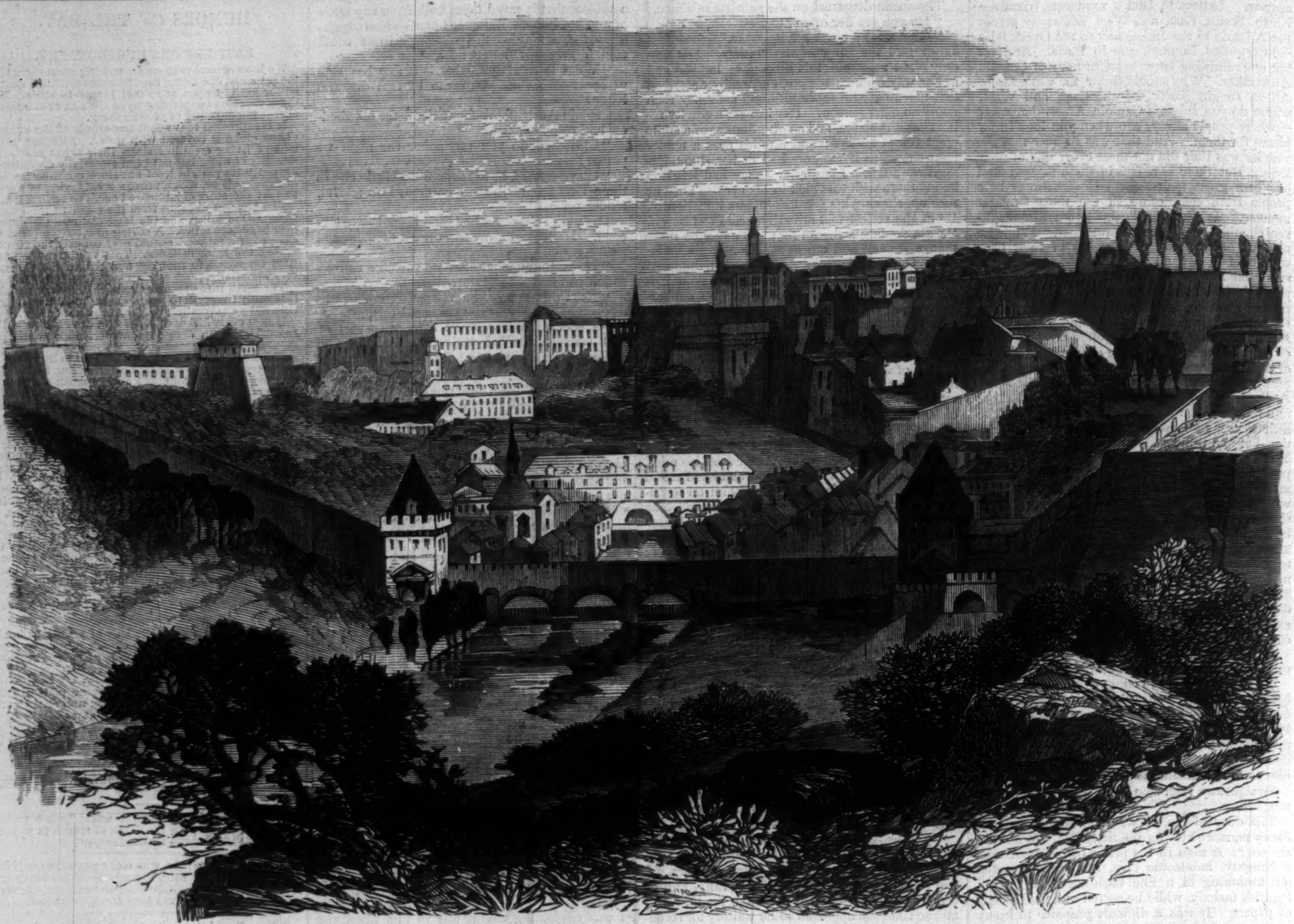
#### DUTCH.

Hans. "Ich will haben you, Johannas. I loves you more better than I does mien lager bier."

Johannas. "Oh ya, Hans; das ist good."

Never chase your own hat when it blows off in a gale of wind; just stand still, and you will presently see half a dozen persons in pursuit of it. When one has captured it, walk leisurely toward him, receive it with a graceful acknowledgment and replace it on your head; he will invariably act as if you had done *him* a favor. Try it.

"Miss," said a fop to a young lady, "what a pity you wasn't a mirror!" "Why so?" said the blushing lady. "Because you would be such a good looking lass."



TOWN AND FORT OF LUXEMBURG—VIEW OF FORT DU MOULIN FROM THE NORTH.—[See Page 302.]

TOWN AND FORT OF LUXEMBURG—VIEW FROM THE FORT DU MOULIN.—[See Page 302.]

LODGES OF THE CHIEFS IN THE INDIAN VILLAGE CAPTURED BY GENERAL HANCOCK.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

## THE INDIAN WAR.

THE war on the plains has begun in earnest. Our previous reports of operations to April 15 announced the conference of General HANCOCK with the Cheyennes at Fort Larned, and the subsequent abandonment by the Indians of their village near the fort, and their flight westward. The village was occupied, and General CUSTER was sent in pursuit of the flying savages. Shortly after leaving the vicinity of Fort Larned the Cheyennes made their appearance at "Lookout" and two other stations on the "Smoky Hill Route," burning the buildings and killing three men. The settlers in the vicinity had been apprised of the murderous designs of the Indians, and General CUSTER's command continued in hot pursuit of the savages. A large force of Indians was at last accounts concentrating in the vicinity of Fort Benton, and a regiment of troops had been sent from Helena, Montana Territory, to oppose them. At Fort Mitchell a party of soldiers crossed the river, surprised an Indian camp, and succeeded in killing seven of the sav-

OLD SIOUX INDIAN CAPTURED BY GENERAL HANCOCK.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

COLONEL EDWARD WYNKOOP AND HIS INTERPRETER.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

ages. The Indians, however, eventually forced the soldiers to retire within the fort. From all these indications it would seem that we are to have a long and bloody war with the savages.

Our correspondence and illustrations relate to the capture of the Indian village near Fort Larned, of which we had previous accounts. Our artist writes:

"The Indian camp was deserted on the night of April 15. The lodges of the chiefs, which are made of dressed skins with the hairy side within, were almost the only perfect ones in the camp, large pieces having been cut from most of the others, evidently for the purpose of securing a covering that would shelter the Indians in their flight. In the lodges were skins, head-mats, and utensils of different kinds. The head-mats are made of small willows strung together with buffalo sinew. The bowls and spoons are made of wood; drums, shaped more like tambourines than any thing else, were strewn about plentifully; an occasional tomahawk, and bags of kinekenic and roots, paint, dried meat, etc., piles of robes—some dressed and ready for market—were found; but the greater number of the skins were undressed.

"In one of the lodges an old Sioux was found. Curtis, the interpreter, learned from him that he had been left by his band, who told him that they would come back for him as soon as the troops left. The old man was extremely emaciated, and almost unable to move. He stated that the Cheyennes desired to fight; but the Sioux would not accede to the proposition, and left. The Cheyennes soon after became frightened, and also left.

"This old Indian was placed under the kindly care of Colonel Edward Wynkoop, the Indian agent, who accompanies the Expedition, and whose portrait as well as that of his interpreter, Dick Curtis, I herewith forward. Colonel Wynkoop left Pennsylvania with Governor Geary and came to Kansas during the early troubles. During the war he served with marked distinction in the West. He was the officer selected to arrange with the Indians for the presents given to them to make good their loss at Sand Creek. Since that time Colonel Wynkoop has been appointed agent for the Cheyennes, Arapahoe, and Apache tribes. His management of these tribes has been satisfactory in the highest degree. His knowledge of Indians and their habits is probably more extensive than that possessed by any person that has occupied the position of agent for a long time. His interpreter, Dick Curtis, is a native of Onandagua county, New York; but scarcely remembers when he left the eastern country. He is a shrewd, plain man, up to all the tricks of the Indian, and thoroughly conversant with their dialect. He is one of the features of the expedition."

## THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Undoubtedly the French Industrial Palace is not an extraordinarily beautiful one; a glance at our engraving on page 296, giving a general view of it, will clearly indicate that much. Parke Godwin, writing to the *Evening Post*, calls it "the grand gasometer," and compares it to "a stupendous Strasburg pie or a Dutchess County cheese frightfully magnified and decorated with ribbons and little flags." But this unimposing and inelegant pile, which every body ridicules, and which the French artists have endeavored in vain to present in an agreeable light, is the natural result of the complete subordination of the symmetrical ideas of the architect to the utilitarian views of the projectors. Every thing about the building has been constructed with an eye to the general adaptability of the whole to its special purpose; and the heavy and ugly-looking structure is the most perfect exhibition building which has ever been planned. The architect was really the Prince Napoleon, who, when the exhibition was first talked of, suggested that a form ought to be adopted which would allow of a perfect classification of materials and objects exhibited, and admit at the same time of the products of different countries being grouped together. It having been decided that the objects should, in accordance with the Prince's suggestion, be classed among categories of similar productions on the one hand and according to their nationality on the other, it was settled that this classification of objects should be attained by means of concentric galleries, and that the displays of different countries should be confined within transversal divisions of the building. It was this which necessitated the adoption of the elliptical form, the want of elegance of which has been so much commented upon; but it also produced the convenient arrangement of the interior. The interior consists of a series of eight concentric ovals, which form so many round galleries or corridors, traversed at intervals and from side to side by broad covered streets. In the centre is a tastefully arranged little garden, with its flower beds and statues and fountains and shaded walks and seats. From this garden open out the streets or passages, which are named after the various countries whose particular section of the palace they traverse, as the Rue de Russe, Rue de Prusse, Rue d'Amerique, etc.; so that to find the peculiar products of any people one has only to walk to this garden, from whatever point he may happen to be, look for the name over the entrance, and enter. He is at once where he wants to be, without confusion and without trouble. At the same time the circular corridors that run around the whole of the immense building are each appropriated to a specific department of the arts or of industry. There are sixteen of these radiating or transversal ways, and seven of the circular, with a broad external portico and garden embracing the whole. The gallery nearest to the central garden is styled indifferently the Archæological Gallery, or the Gallery of the History of Labor. The gallery immediately outside this is appropriated to modern works of art; the next gallery is devoted to the exhibition of materials used in, and the products of, the liberal arts; the following gallery is appropriated to articles of clothing and other objects worn on the person; the gallery outside this again is reserved for raw materials and articles of different degrees of elaboration manufactured from them. The sixth is devoted to the raw or primaterials of industry, such as ores, grains, earths, woolens, metals, woods, etc. The next—the Machinery Gallery, as it is commonly called—is appropriated to the display of machines at rest and in motion, showing the various processes of the industrial arts, with their results. The exterior gallery is devoted to the exhibition of aliments in their natural and preserved states, and consists of a number of restaurants, cafés, buffets, refreshment-counters, and beer-shops, where any style of dishes may be obtained.

While beauty in the building has thus been sacrificed to utility the grounds or park surrounding the building have been decorated in the most superb style, and yet with an eye to usefulness. The Champ de Mars, which was selected as the site for the building, has an area of 500,000 square yards—a space about equal to that portion of Central Park lying between the Lake and Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth and Seventh avenues. When it was discovered that the Palace would not occupy more than 160,000 square yards of this space—the Mall at Central Park would just hold it with a little crowding—it was decided to transform the remaining 340,000 square yards into a park. This vast space, some feet lower than the surface of the surrounding neighborhood, was nothing more than a flat and naked sandy plain when the work was begun. Now the surface has been raised, and hillocks and little valleys formed; rivulets too run through it, and either empty themselves into tiny lakes, or, tumbling over masses of rock, form miniature waterfalls. Buildings for almost every purpose, and in every conceivable style of architecture, with innumerable groups of sculpture and ornamental fountains, stud the park from one end to the other, intermingled with which are plantations of trees and shrubs, green lawns, and parterres of flowers. A garden has been planted with almost every known plant and shrub. Horticultural establishments of every description and marine and fresh-water aquaria have been constructed. Other parts of the park are allotted to the exhibition of objects specially adapted to improving the physical and moral condition of the people generally, and comprises such matters as model cottages for working men and infant nurseries. Our engraving on page 297 will give the reader an idea of the appearance of the various pavilions and houses of all nations which decorate the park.

## THE LUXEMBURG QUESTION.

By the treaties of 1815, dictated by the Holy Alliance and forced upon France—and which the present Emperor of the French declared a year ago, much to the consternation of Europe, he cordially detested—the Fortress of Luxemburg was placed under the military control of the German States and the civil authority was given to the King of Holland. This duplex arrangement was insisted upon by the Powers for a very grave reason. The title of the town and province of Luxemburg was legally vested in the King of Holland, and no purpose was entertained to deprive him of the revenues derived from them; but the Fortress of Luxemburg possessed an importance to all Europe. Its possession by the German Confederation was considered a guarantee of future peace, a curb on French ambition, a barrier to French extension eastward; and because it really proved so is why Napoleon III. detests the treaty which established this "barrier to the Rhine." The treaties of 1815 were violently annulled nearly a year ago at Sadowa; the German Confederation was obliterated at a blow; and it was believed that, by a previous understanding with Prussia, arranged between Napoleon and Bismarck at Biarritz, the domains of France would be quietly extended to the Rhine, and that Luxemburg would be delivered to the French. But this scheme for gaining the long-coveted Rhenish frontier has proved one of Napoleon's many late failures or mistakes. For him "the detested treaties" still exist. The weak German Confederation has been reorganized into the strong, consolidated empire of North Germany, and the Fortress of Luxemburg remains a still stronger barrier to the Rhine. To Napoleon's request for its possession as the reward of his neutrality in 1866, Prussia, remembering that but for his intervention as a peace-maker in Venice her armies would have entered Vienna, replied with a mild "No." Disappointed in his anticipations of a cheap and peaceful extension to the Rhine, Napoleon lately offered to buy it. Prussia replied by publishing the secret treaties giving her military control over the one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers of Baden, Wurtemburg, and Bavaria; and still later added a clearly emphatic message to the effect that the province of Luxemburg shall not be sold, and the Fortress should not be evacuated.

Prussia is fully aware of the great importance of the post she holds. General Carnot, the engineer, he of whom it was said, "This is the man who has organized victory," declared Luxemburg to be "the strongest fortress in Europe, next to Gibraltar." It had another not less important advantage in Carnot's eyes, and one not lost upon Napoleon. "It is the *only* point of attack upon France from the direction of the Moselle"—that is, from Germany. It is at once the gate to Paris or to Berlin; and this is the reason why Napoleon covets it, and why Prussia, on the first sign of danger, reinforces her permanent garrison of several thousand troops, and adds to its armament and stores. The situation of Luxemburg is very singular, the extent and peculiar character of its fortifications deserve to be remarked; and we therefore accompany this article and description by the engravings to be found on page 300. The upper town occupies a table-shaped plot of ground level with the adjoining country on the west side; but on the north, east, and south sides the rock descends in a precipice 200 feet deep; and opposite to it rise other lofty rocks equally precipitous, connected with it by drawbridges in the narrowest part, while between them lies the lower town, nestling in the gorge or ravine, watered by two streams, the Petersburn and the Alzette, with an isolated rock in the middle which is called the *Bock* or Goat, and which is covered with ramparts of masonry, having loopholes and embrasures for the garrison to fire through, while they are provided with ample shelter in the casemates, excavated in the solid rock. There is a stone bridge of several arches which crosses the valley, affording communication between the town and the Bock, but it is completely commanded by the guns of the fortress. The town itself contains few buildings of much architectural interest. The cathedral was built in the sixteenth century. The population of the town is about 11,000, not including the 6000 Prussian soldiers, who form the garrison. Our engravings show the character of the town, and indicate the great strength and extent of the fortifications.

The dispute over the possession of this fortress and province was rapidly leading to a war, when Queen Victoria proposed to Napoleon and the King of Prussia a compromise on the basis of the neutralization of the disputed territory by a conference of the great Powers of Europe. This was accepted by both parties, and it was announced at London on April 28 that the Conference would be held in that city on May 15, and that in the mean time the Fortress of Luxemburg should be dismantled.

## SHAD-FISHING.

The emigration of the shad from the south begins with the year; they appear in the waters of the Hudson about the first of March, and it is moving day with them about the first of May; they are gone by the middle of that month, and the sport of shad-fishing is over by the first of June. At the time our sketch on page 292 was made the sport was at its highest, and was being enjoyed by multitudes from the metropolis.

The shad is one of the most mysterious, as well as one of the most savory of fish. It is of the herring family, and the "American shad" is about 20 inches in length. They come north in the spring to deposit their spawn in the rivers. They ascend the Hudson for 150 miles for this purpose, and return to the ocean about the first of May, and then go still further north. It is very seldom that they are caught going southward after reaching the ocean, and they either die or go to more Arctic regions. The common belief is that the life of a shad is limited to one year, and that they die soon after the young are hatched, though where they go to when they die, or how the young ones get to the south, is one of the chief of the shad mysteries. Simultaneous with the appearance of the shad in the waters is that of the shad-fly on land.

American shad are sometimes caught with a hook. "Frank Forrester" says "they will rise to a gaudy fly in fresh water and afford very exciting sport;" but the mode most in vogue is, of course, with nets. Our illustration will explain the operation of picking a stake-net. The stake-nets are each about 100 fathoms long, set on stakes or poles about fifteen feet apart on the mud flats, and are dry at low water. The shad-fish come to these flats at high tide for their food, which consists principally of worms like the slug-worm and shrimps, and are caught at the ebbing of the tide in the stake-nets. The New York city demand for shad, which is very considerable, is principally supplied in this manner from the Hudson and Delaware rivers.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Her tresses, loose behind,
Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind."

"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth."

"With lightsome brow, and beaming eyes, and bright,
Long, glorious locks, which drop upon thy cheek,
Like gold-hued cloud-flakes on the rosy morn."

No such lines as the above can be written nowadays. Poets of the present day have no chance to receive any ideas of beauty from the observation of the fashionably arrayed head and face of a lady. We say *face*, because it is disagreeably common for ladies to *dress* certain features of the countenance. There are two grand, general styles of out-of-door ornaments designed for the heads of ladies living in the year 1867—the bonnet and the hat. The former may be distinguished from the latter by its being a little more crooked in form, a good deal smaller in size, and by its occupying any little spot on the top of the head which is not piled with hair. But the *hat* is worn on the forehead, concealing that feature and the eyebrows, if not the eyes themselves, while the brim rests affectionately upon the bridge of the nose. A most fortunate fashion this for those who have no frontal development, or to whom Nature has cruelly denied eyebrows—but positively hideous for any who have a fine, fair, open forehead—one of the purest and most beautiful of all the features.

The apparent phrenological development of ladies, as they sit, fashionably dressed, in the church, in the concert-room, at the opera, or the theatre, or as they promenade Broadway, is, to a nice observer, fearful. The entire absence (to the sight) of any intellectual development, and the enormous preponderance of the animal faculties certainly is suggestive—we beg pardon, but really one can not help what comes uncalled into his mind—of apes, monkeys, and baboons. Did any phrenologist ever have the curiosity to ascertain the distance from the tip of a lady's chin, diagonally, to the top of her *chignon?* We verily believe that it would come little short of eighteen inches in many cases. Of course the slant from the top of the hair tower to the tip of the nose gives a very peculiar and exceedingly ugly shape to the—head, if we may so call it.

It is a thousand pities that ladies will blindly follow fashion instead of exercising common-sense and good taste. Some fashions are ridiculous and unbecoming for *any* one to adopt—others are pretty and charming in themselves, but are not appropriate for *every* one. Common-sense should lead to the decided rejection of the first class; and good taste will enable each individual to discriminate and decide what style of dress and material, what particular colors, and what ornamentations will be in harmony with her figure, complexion, station in life, her age—and her *purse*. A refined taste in dress is something which American ladies need to cultivate. Incongruities in the attire, and the blind adoption of repulsive fashions, offend the eye of taste every day. A rich garment does not cover all defects, nor do gaudy trappings enhance beauty. Always a woman of taste is known by her dress—if that is rich, it may also be simple—if it is plain and inexpensive, it may also be elegant.

In a lecture—of the sensational order—recently delivered in this city, it was stated, with not a little truth, that our modern marriage service should read thus: "Will you take this brown-stone front, this carriage and span, these diamonds, for thy wedded husband?" "Yes." "Will you take this unpaid milliner's bill, this high waterfall of foreign hair, these affectation accomplishments and feeble constitution, for thy wedded wife?" "Yes." "Then what Mammon has joined together let the next best man run away with, so that the first divorce court may tear them asunder."

Paris is a curious place. Queer sensations and strange occurrences happen there, such as would happen nowhere else. The following is related as the "latest event in fashionable life:" A young couple went to church to be married. While the ecclesiastic who presided at the ceremony was addressing them, the bride fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till the moment came at which the young husband was to put the nuptial ring on the finger of his drowsy partner. On perceiving her state of unconsciousness he was, as may readily be believed, shocked and angry at such a flagrant disregard of decency. At the conclusion of the ceremony he informed his bride's friends that he would not live with her; and, giving two thousand francs, as stipulated in the contract, he left her.

Another story of a different stamp: The manager and proprietor of a certain café was one day informed by one of his waiters that a well-dressed personage had just been observed to pocket a silver spoon and fork. The waiter was desired to make no remark; but when the bill was handed to this strange customer its last entry ran thus: "To a silver spoon and fork which Monsieur has in his pocket, 50 francs." The latter paid without making the slightest remark, but naturally never reappeared.

One other incident illustrates how they manage matters in Paris: Gavarni, recently deceased in Paris, at one time owed a great deal of money to *Le Charivari*. A lithographic stone was sent to him, and he was requested to illustrate it "on account." At the end of six months *Le Charivari* had not received any thing from Gavarni. A constable was sent after him, who, suspecting the character of his visitor, opened the door himself. The constable inquired, "M. Gavarni?" "He is dead and buried, Monsieur." "But where is the stone the manager of *Le Charivari* sent him months ago?" "At the head of his grave, Monsieur."

A religious luxury, in the shape of a splendid edition of the Bible, has been announced by a Glasgow publisher. Only twelve copies are to be printed, and the price is six hundred dollars per copy.

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

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1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

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3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

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When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

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YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

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GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

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COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

**Club Order.**

Chagrin Falls, Ohio, *February* 18, 1867.

*To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:*

Gents: The Box of Teas and Coffees I ordered of you I received on the 7th inst. The Club are well pleased: so much so that some ten that sent for small supplies wish to send for more. I have taken some pains to add to our numbers: therefore I have been enabled to send you another order somewhat larger than the first. I hope to be enabled to establish a monthly club. Accept my thanks for complimentary package.

Please fill the following order, and send by express to Chagrin Falls, Ohio, to be paid on delivery.

Yours, truly, William Williams.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 ℔. | Uncolored Japan..R. Barrows ....at | $1 25.. | $1 25 | | Brought up | | $34 90 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..A. H. Rose......at | 1 25.. | 1 25 | 1 ℔. | Young Hyson, Green..L. Gates....at | $1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..A. H. Rose..at | 1 25.. | 1 25 | 3 | Young Hyson, Green..D. Noonan..at | 1 25.. | 3 75 |
| 1 | Best Coffee..A. H. Rose...........at | 40.. | 40 | 1 | Young Hyson, Green..M. Ward....at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 4 | Coffee..P. Wallace.................at | 20.. | 80 | 1 | Young Hyson, Green..H. Hubbell.at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 2 | Young Hyson, Gr...Chas. Wilson..at | 1 25.. | 2 50 | 4 | Coffee..Mary A. Cole.............at | 20.. | 80 |
| 2 | Imperial..Charles Wilson..........at | 1 25.. | 2 50 | 1 | Fr.Bkft. & Din.Cof..S.G.Antisdale.at | 30.. | 30 |
| 1 | Imperial..Thomas Sanders........at | 1 25.. | 1 25 | 4 | Fr.Bkft. and Din. Cof...J. Hubbel .at | 30.. | 1 20 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...Thos. Sanders.at | 1 25.. | 1 25 | 1 | Best Gunpowder..N. Shippey.....at | 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 2 | Best Gunpowder..H. Robinson....at | 1 50.. | 3 00 | 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...R. W. Gorton..at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..G. King.........at | 1 25.. | 1 25 | 2 | Young Hyson, Gr...P. Mock ......at | 1 25.. | 2 50 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..M. Mills....at | 1 25.. | 1 25 | 1 | Y. Hyson, Gr...J. R. Hackathorn ..at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 2 | Fr. Bkft. and Din. Cof...M. Mills...at | 30.. | 60 | 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...D. A. White....at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...E. C. P. King..at | 1 25.. | 1 25 | 1 | Oolong..R. Walters................at | 1 00.. | 1 00 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...Henry Church.at | 1 25.. | 1 25 | 1 | Mixed Gr. and Black..R. Walters..at | 1 00.. | 1 00 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..E. F. Douglas...at | 1 50.. | 1 50 | 1 | Uncolored Japan..R. Walters .....at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | English Breakfast Tea..E. Frost...at | 1 20.. | 1 20 | 1 | Uncolored Japan..John S. Bullard.at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 2 | Fr. Bkft. and Din. Cof...E. Frost ..at | 30.. | 60 | 1 | Uncolored Japan..O. C. Bullard ...at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 2 | Young Hyson, Gr...J. Walworth ..at | 1 25.. | 2 50 | 1 | Uncolored Japan..A. Grinnell......at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...Ann Ward ....at | 1 25.. | 1 25 | 1 | Best Gunpowder..E. C. Bullard ...at | 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..Henry Bailey...at | 1 50.. | 1 50 | 1 | Best Gunpowder..John Stillwell ..at | 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..J. Bailey ........at | 1 50.. | 1 50 | 1 | Imperial Green..John Stillwell ...at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..J. Schuyler ......at | 1 50.. | 1 50 | 1 | Young Hyson, Green..A. Savage..at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Imperial Green..William Austin ..at | 1 25.. | 1 25 | 1 | Imperial Green..Henry Vincent ...at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...J. Williams ...at | 1 25.. | 1 25 | 1 | Best Gunpowder..Julia Fish......at | 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| | Carried up | | $34 90 | | Total | | $67 90 |

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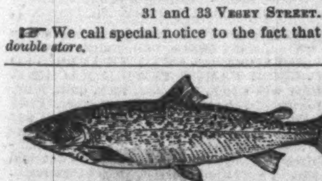


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Hastings, Dakota Co., Minn., *Aug.*, 1866.

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